

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Encounter at Farpoint"

by

D.C. Fontana

AND

Gene Roddenberry

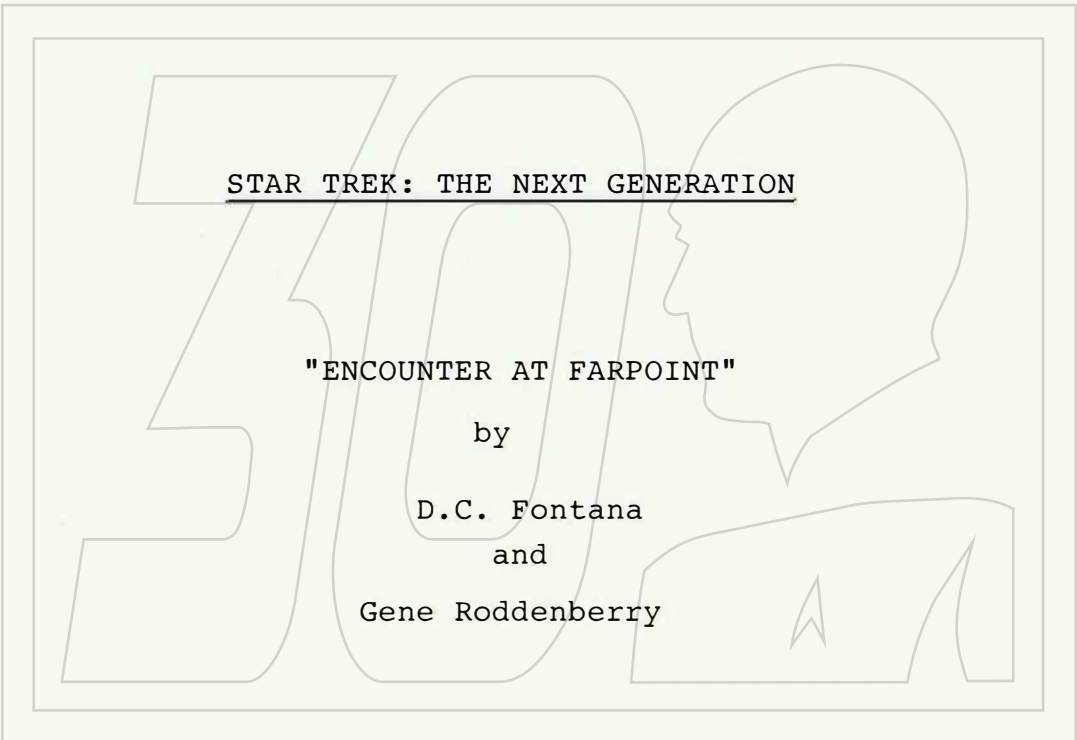
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FINAL  
SECOND DRAFT

April 13, 1987



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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - STARSHIP - (OPTICAL)

The U.S.S. Enterprise NCC 1701-D traveling at warp speed through space.

PICARD V.O.

Captain's log, stardate 42353.7.  
Our destination is planet Cygnus  
IV beyond which lies the great  
unexplored mass of the galaxy.

OTHER INTRODUCTORY ANGLES

on the gigantic new Enterprise NCC 1701-D.

PICARD V.O.

My orders are to examine Farpoint,  
a starbase built there by the  
inhabitants of that world.  
Meanwhile ...

INT. ENGINE  
E ROOM

Huge, with a giant wall diagram showing the immensity  
of this Galaxy Class starship.

PICARD V.O.

(continuing)

... I am becoming better  
acquainted with my new command,  
this Galaxy Class U.S.S.  
Enterprise.

CLOSER ON VESSEL DIAGRAM

Showing the details and size of this enormous starship.

PICARD V.O.

I am still somewhat in awe of its  
size and complexity, though I  
~~remember similar feelings when~~  
~~I first saw the old Constitution~~  
~~class Enterprise.~~ As for ...

## INT. LOUNGE DECK

With its huge windows revealing the immense span of the Starship's outer surface.

PICARD V.O.

(continuing)

... my crew ~~here~~, I judge it excellent. However we are short in several key positions, most notably ...

## INT. BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

PICARD, TROI, and DATA seated in the command area. Starfleet LIEUTENANT WORF, a young Klingon, is at the "Ops" station and a SUPERNUMERARY is at "Con".

PICARD V.O. *highly experienced*

(continuing)

... a First Officer, but I am informed that a ~~fine~~ man, one Commander William Riker, will be waiting to join our ship when we reach our Cygnus IV destination.

## ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD AND DATA

As Picard turns to Data:

PICARD

You will agree, Data, that Starfleet's Instructions are difficult?

DATA

Difficult ... how so? Simply solve the mystery of Farpoint Station.

PICARD

(smiles)

As simple as that. ~~Just solve the mystery of Farpoint Station.~~

TROI

Farpoint Station. Even the name sounds mysterious.

PICARD

The problem, Data, is that another life form built that base. How do I negotiate a friendly

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD (Cont'd)  
agreement for Starfleet to use  
it while at the same time snoop  
around finding how and why they  
built it.

DATA  
Inquiry ... the word snoop ...?

PICARD  
Data, how can you be programmed  
as a virtual encyclopedia of human  
information without knowing a  
simple word like snoop?

DATA  
Possibility ... a kind of human  
behavior I was not designed to  
emulate?

It is all Troi can do to keep from smiling.

PICARD  
It means 'to spy , to sneak' ...

DATA  
(interrupting;  
delighted)  
Ah! To seek covertly, to go  
stealthfully, to slink, slither  
...

PICARD  
(wanting to cut it off)  
Exactly, yes ...

DATA  
... to glide, creep, skulk,  
pussyfoot, gumshoe ...

Data trails off his words, finally becoming aware of  
the annoyance registering on Picard's face. Troi cannot  
keep back the smile now ... then suddenly her face is  
contorted in pain.

TROI  
Captain ... I'm sensing a ... a  
powerful mind . . .

Interrupted by the sound of a BRIDGE ALARM.

## WIDER ANGLE

All checking their consoles, puzzled at readings they're getting.

WORF

Something strange on the detector circuits ...

OVERLAPPED by an ever more compelling SECOND BRIDGE ALARM (similar to the old naval HONKING SOUND) begins to sound. At the same time, the main viewer FLICKERS and an unusual SHINING, SPARKLING GRID SHAPE APPEARS stretching across the whole of the galaxy ahead of them.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND GRID (OPTICAL)

Emphasizing the incredibly SHINING GRID which the Enterprise is approaching. Seeming impossibly large, yet in some ways as delicate as a spiderweb, it is composed of interlocking geometrical shapes.

INT. BRIDGE - VARIOUS ANGLES

Data is looking up from his command position console, showing as much alarm as we'll ever see on his face.

DATA

It registers as solid, Captain ...

TROI

Or an incredible powerful forcefield. But if we collide with either ...

PICARD

(to Con)

Go to Condition Yellow. And shut off that damned noise.

Con turns OFF honking sound. Picard is taking time to check all readings but we're now coming very close to the strange grid.

WORF

Shields and deflectors, up, sir.

Milking the drama of approaching collision. Then, conversationally:

PICARD

Reverse power, full stop.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CON

Controls to full stop, sir.

The strange shimmering GRID on the viewer is now very close to us as Enterprise movement stops.

CON

Now reading full stop, sir.

Overlapped by something akin to a ROLLING THUNDER STORM accompanied by a BRILLIANT AND SUSTAINED FLASH OF LIGHT ON THE BRIDGE to the side of Picard. The light burst physically shakes all bridge crew for an instant, then RESOLVES ITSELF INTO A HUMAN SIZE FIGURE standing at that point on the bridge. As the bridge crew's eyes adjust, it does indeed appear to be a human ... but one dressed and posturing as an Elizabethan era sea captain complete with Sir Walter Raleigh type "court dress", complete with neck ruffles, lace, leg stockings, ceremonial sword, etc. Now and later, we shall know this life form as "Q".

ANOTHER ~~OPTICAL~~ ANGLE

(OPTICAL)

as "Q" (Elizabethan)" makes a formal bow (of that same era) to Picard. At which the turbolift doors snap open and TWO SECURITY CREW members start to ENTER, led by Security and Weapons Officer NATASHA YAR. However, "Q" merely gives a nod in that direction and a miniature of the space grid outside APPEARS AT THE TURBOLIFT ENTRANCE, barring the security team's entrance and ~~SEAMS~~ *CLOSES* THE TURBOLIFT DOORS. ~~CLOSED.~~ Then "Q" turns toward Picard.

Q (ELIZABETHAN)

You are notified that your kind has infiltrated the galaxy too far already. You are directed to return to your own solar system immediately.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE OPS AND CON

We will see Con stealthily, carefully reaching to the small phaser on his belt.

PICARD

That's quite a directive. Would you mind identifying what you are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Q (ELIZABETHAN)

We call ourselves "the Q". Or  
you may call me that; its all much  
the same thing.

(indicating costume)

And I <sup>have presented</sup> present myself to you as  
a fellow ship captain so that you  
will better understand me.

(indicates)

Go back from where you came! ...

~~PICARD~~

But if we are to consider your  
request ...

ANOTHER

OPTICAL EFFECTS ANGLE

(OPTICAL)

Interrupted by

At this, Con draws his phaser, but "Q" barely nods  
toward Con at which a FLUTTERING ELECTRIC BLUE WAVE  
envelopes that bridge crewman, and we HEAR THE BRIEF  
BEGINNINGS OF A SCREAM as Con falls with the SOUND of  
something crystal hard striking the desk. Picard comes  
to his feet, ignoring "Q" as: *A Frozen hand object*

Q (ELIZABETHAN)

Stay where you are!

EMPHASIZING PICARD

Who is clearly very angry as he kneels at the prone form  
of Con who appears to have been instantly frozen solid.  
Troi hurries INTO SHOT kneeling too. There is even  
white evaporation <sup>Vapor</sup> smoke rising up from the body.

PICARD

Data, call medics!

TROI

*It's frozen!*  
Can you feel it? The cold?

Picard grabs up Con's phaser from the deck (reversing  
it, wisely), stands and puts it under "Q's" nose.

PICARD

He would not have injured you!

(indicates phaser)

Do you understand this; the stun  
setting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Q (ELIZABETHAN)

Knowing humans as you do, Captain,  
would you want to be captured  
helpless by them?

(moves closer)

Now go back or you will certainly  
die!

FADE OUT:



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PART ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE AND GRID

(OPTICAL)

Appropriate THEME MUSIC with spaceship hanging motionless, still facing the mysterious SHIMMERING GRID that stretches in front of it from galaxy horizon to horizon.

INTO. BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING CON'S FORM

Advanced medical emergency aids attached to his body, providing oxygen, warmth, monitoring, as a floating stretcher is used to carry him to the turbolift.

CON IS BEING TAKEN

STILL PICARD  
Is he alive?

START → IN b. t. on

MEDIC  
For now. We'll do our best, sir.

OPTICAL ANGLE - EMPHASIZING "Q"

(OPTICAL)

Ignoring the previous, intent instead on inspecting his Elizabethan costume as Picard comes up to him.

Q (ELIZABETHAN)  
Your little centuries go by so rapidly, Captain. Perhaps you'll understand this better.

The Visitor moves his hand slightly. We hear the same ROLLING THUNDER SOUND. Another BLINDING LIGHT FLASH and his body remains the same humanoid face and figure as with the Elizabethan dress, but now the green officer's uniform of the U.S. Marine Corps. Over his jacket pocket three rows of medals and his narrow garrison cap shows the bars of a Captain.

Q (MARINE CAPTAIN)  
Actually, the issue at stake is patriotism. You understand that, don't you? Wouldn't you like to put an end to the communists? All it takes is a few good men.

PICARD  
What? That nonsense is centuries behind us!

MUST RETURN  
TO YOUR  
WORLD  
AND

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9.

*But you can't deny, CAPTAIN, that*

Q (MARINE CAPTAIN)

Does the exact time really matter that much? Do you deny you're still a dangerous, savage child-race?

PICARD

Most certainly I deny it. I agree that we still were when ...

(indicating)

...humans wore costumes like that four hundred years ago...

Q (MARINE CAPTAIN)

At which time you slaughtered millions in silly arguments about how to divide the resources of your little world. And four hundred years before that you were murdering each other in quarrels over tribal god-images. And since there have been no indications that humans will ever change

.....

PICARD

Untrue! By the time of that costume we were making rapid progress!

Q (MARINE CAPTAIN)

Oh? Shall we review your "rapid progress"?

*ANOTHER  
OPTICAL ANGLE*

*(OPTICAL)*

The "Q" visitor moves a hand again to create THE SAME SOUNDS and the SAME BLINDING FLASH, this time producing the same human image but this time unshaven and with an UGLY AUTOMATION LOOK AND IN THE UNIFORM OF A MILITARY OFFICER FROM THE MID 21st CENTURY WARS. Q's voice sounds a bit drugged now as he eyes his new costume.

*(Interrupting)  
RAPID progress to where*

Q (21ST CENTURY)

Do you recognize this? It is from when you humans learned to control your military with drugs.

*BUT EVEN AS FAR BACK AS ... (indicating) THAT COSTUME, WE HAD BEGUN TO MAKE RAPID PROGRESS.*

ANGLE INCLUDING OPS POSITION

As Worf gets a message and turns toward Picard.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WORF  
~~Report from sickbay, sir.~~ *Sir, sickbay reports that Lieutenant Graham's condition is better.*  
 have <sup>ed</sup>  
 All turn toward Worf, anxiously waiting.  
*showing relief.*

Q (21ST CENTURY)  
 Concern for one's comrade. How touching.

WORF  
 (reading console)  
 Lieutenant Graham still serious but he's rallying a bit.  
 (indicates "Q")  
 And now, sir, a personal request. Permission to clean up the bridge?  
 Picard shakes head, stares Worf down when he seems about to protest. Meanwhile Tasha has come to her feet too:

TASHA  
 Lieutenant Worf is right, sir. As Security Chief I can't just stand here and ....

PICARD  
 Yes, you can, Tasha.

During this, "Q" has withdrawn a slender tube attached to his 21st Century uniform, makes an adjustment which lets a round pill roll into his mouth and bites down on it with a "POP" SOUND.

Q (21ST CENTURY)  
 Ah, yes... better!  
 (deep breath, feeling it)  
 Then later, on finally reaching deep space, humans of course found enemies to fight out there too. And to broaden those struggles....  
 (indicating ~~Troi~~ *Worf and Troi*)  
 ....you again found allies to permit still more murdering and all over again the same old story  
 ....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

(interrupting; angry)

No! The most dangerous 'same old story' is the one we're meeting now! Those who go on misinformation, half-information, self-righteous life forms who are eager not to learn but to prosecute, to judge anything they don't understand *OR CAN'T TOLERATE.*

Q (21ST CENTURY)

Wait an interesting idea.  
Prosecute and judge?

CAMERA CENTERS ON "Q" as he absorbs what Picard has said. He takes a step or two, turns.

Q (21ST CENTURY)

(continuing)

And suppose it turns out we understand you humans only too well?

PICARD

The only way you'll know is to learn the facts about us.

Q (21ST CENTURY)

The facts about you? Splendid, splendid! You are a fountain of good ideas.

(smiling; pleasant)

There are preparations to make, Captain, but when I return...

"Q" gives a 21st Century salute to Picard.

Q (21ST CENTURY)

(continuing)

...we will proceed exactly as you suggest!

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT and the alien visitor is gone.

WIDE ANGLE ON BRIDGE

It takes a moment to accept the fact "Q" is really gone then Worf turns to Picard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WORF

*submit sure only*  
 Sir...respectfully, you must block *choice is to fight*  
 him from coming back. If we  
 Klingons understand anything, it  
 is the meaning of that kind of  
 talk.

TASHA

My sentiments too, sir. *Frighten*  
~~trust him!~~ *try to psapt.*

ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD

*turning*  
 Taking a moment to reflect, then to Troi:

*sense*  
 PICARD

Did you read anything, Commander?

TROI

(shakes head)

Its mind is much too powerful,  
 sir. *And frightening.*

PICARD

~~"It"?~~

TROI

Meaning, I have no idea what it  
 is. Concur we avoid further  
 contact if possible!

ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD

Clearly he has to come up with something. He reflects  
 for a moment more, then makes up his mind, turns to  
 Troi.

PICARD

From this point, no station  
 aboard, repeat no station, for  
 any reason will make use of  
 signals, transmission or intercom.

(crossing quickly to

Ops and Con)

We'll try to take them by  
 surprise.

(to Worf)

*Inform* *to*  
 Engineering will make ready for  
 maximum acceleration. We'll find  
 out what this Galaxy Class can  
 do.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WORF

Aye, sir.

As Worf stands and hurries off, Picard turns to Data.

PICARD

Records search, Data. *Results of* Detaching *the* Saucer Section at maximum high warp *speeds.*

Data quickly draws on his memory.

DATA

Inadvisable at any warp speed, sir.

PICARD

~~(commandingly)~~  
Search theoretical.

DATA

(thinking; then)  
It is possible, sir. But absolutely no error margin.

Picard nods and stands, RAISES VOICE:

PICARD

Attention Bridge, *crew!* Attention!

VARIOUS ANGLES

Picard waits until all are turned toward him.

PICARD

(continuing)

*USING PRINT-OUT ONLY, NOTIFY*  
All decks, prepare for maximum acceleration. Maximum, you're entitled to know, means we'll be pushing our engines well past safety limits. Our hope is to surprise whatever that is out there, try to outrun it.

(looks around, then)

With no back-up ships this far out, our only other option would be to put tail between our legs and return to Earth as they demand.

*TRAVELING WITH WORF*  
INT. ENGINE ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

*Aiming* both for a feeling of the starship's huge size and enormous power.

*As he TAPES US INTO WIDE CAMERA ANGLE, AIMING*

ANOTHER  
OPTICAL ANGLE

(OPTICAL)

Worf nodding at a reading which  
an engineer shows him, then  
exiting to return to the bridge. Meanwhile,

14.

Engineering personnel work at their controls and a LOW  
PITCHED WHINE quickly works itself up into a DEAFENING  
HIGH PITCHED SHRIEK while ENERGY DISPLAYS APPEAR AT MAIN  
ENGINE CONNECTIONS.

EXT. SPACE  
SHOWING BOTH THE ENTERPRISE AND THE MYSTERIOUS GRID.

INT. BRIDGE - ANGLES INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

Keeping the strange alien Grid alive in our minds as  
Troi turns from her console toward Picard.

Worf hurries out of the turbolift, crossing to his position.

TROI WORK ROOM

Engineering signaling ready, sir.

Worf hurries out of the turbolift, crossing to his Ops  
position. Picard moves to stand behind Data who is at  
the Con position.

TROI

The board shows 'green', Captain.  
All go!

Picard moving back to his command position as:

PICARD

Stand by...  
(takes his seat, checks  
bridge, then)  
ENGAGE!

The entire bridge SHUDDERS under a SCREAM OF POWER as  
we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - OPTICAL ANGLE ON ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Suddenly into maximum warp, the energy release  
momentarily DISTORTING BOTH THE ALIEN GRID AND THE STARS  
IN SIGHT AROUND IT. When the EFFECT is over, the  
starship has turned, seeming to almost brush against  
the mysterious grid, and is then racing away from it.

GRID  
GRID

(OPTICAL)

ANGLE EMPHASIZING

With Enterprise in b.g. at warp speed, escaping. Then  
the 'grid' suddenly shrinks in size, growing brighter  
as it coalesces together INTO THE SHAPE OF A BRIGHTLY  
COLORED SPINNING SHAPE which now races after the  
Enterprise.

Discuss with 12.5 -  
does a LAUNCHER need  
any script changes?



## INT. BRIDGE - VARIOUS ANGLES

The faces of the bridge crew reflect the fact that Enterprise is at very high warp speed and continuing to accelerate into even higher warp.

WORF *Velocity*

~~Sir, we are at warp nine point two, sir.~~

PICARD

Heading?

*Headed* DATA  
Now on 351 Mark 11, sir.

PICARD

Hold steady *on that.*

TASHA

The hostile is now giving chase, sir. Accelerating fast.

*We're now at* WORF

Warp nine point three, sir. Which *now* takes us past the red line, sir.

Picard turns to Troi.

PICARD

Continue accelerating.

(to Troi)

Counselor, when they threatened to destroy us....

*At this point I'm open even to guesses about what we've just met.*

TROI

(nods)

It felt to me like they meant it.

*IT... IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING BEYOND WHAT WE'D CONSIDER A 'LIFE FORM'.*

WORF

(with emphasis now)

Sir, we're at warp nine point four.

TASHA

Hostile is now beginning to overtake us, sir.

PICARD

(incredulous)

Overtaking us? Are you sure?

DATA

Hostile now showing warp nine point six, sir. Shall I put them on main viewer?

*velocity is already*

(CONTINUED)

*PICARD  
'Beyond 2'?*  
*TROI  
Very, very  
Advanced, sir.  
OR...  
(considering)  
OR CERTAINLY  
Very, very  
DIFFERENT!*

CONTINUED:

PICARD  
(nods)  
Reverse angle on viewer.

ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

VIEWER IMAGE SHIMMERS into reverse view, which is much the same as the forward view except for ONE BLINKING POINT OF LIGHT AT IMAGE CENTER.

DATA  
Magnifying viewer image.

ANOTHER VIEWER SHIMMER with the CENTER POINT OF LIGHT BECOMING THE SPINNING COALESCENCE seen earlier. It's still far away, tiny in size, but will grow in size during later SCENES.

VARIOUS ANGLES

as needed.

TASHA  
Hostile's velocity now at nine point seven, sir.

PICARD  
Ops, inform Engineering we need more!

DATA  
Engine room attempting to comply, sir. But they caution us...

PICARD  
(interrupting; to Data)  
Go to yellow alert!

Data hits a control and the Yellow Alert ALARM SOUNDS FIVE TIMES. Then Picard turns to Tanya.

PICARD  
(to Tasha)  
Arm photon torpedoes, Weapons Station. Place them on ready status.

TASHA  
Torpedoes to Ready, sir.

Picard is aware of the concerned glances received from Troi and Data.

## WIDE ANGLE

The entire bridge suddenly SHUDDERS HARD and it brings startled looks to the faces of some of the bridge crew. Then the motion eases.

WORF

That was a design tremor, sir.  
A warning.

TASHA

Hostile now at warp nine point eight, sir.

WORF

Our velocity is only nine point five, sir.

DATA

Projection, sir. We <sup>may be able</sup> ~~can~~ match the hostile's nine point eight, sir. But at extreme risk.

TASHA

I am now reading the hostile at warp nine point nine, sir.

Picard stands, raising his voice to carry throughout the bridge.

PICARD

Attention bridge. <sup>PRINT-OUT MESSAGE, URGENT,</sup> ~~Send the following to all decks, by 'print-out'.~~

(selecting the right words)

All stations on all decks, make ready to detach ship's saucer section.

Some of the bridge crew is startled but all are soon putting their consoles in order for the move. Picard turns to Worf at 'con' position.

PICARD

(continuing)

You will command the Saucer Section, Lieutenant.

Worf comes to his feet in protest.

WORF

I am a Klingon, sir. For me to seek escape while my captain goes into battle....

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD  
(interrupts hard)  
You are a Starfleet officer,  
Lieutenant.

WORF  
(hesitates, takes seat)  
Aye, sir.

PICARD  
(to bridge again) *AM*  
Note in ship's log that at this  
startime, I have transferred *Worf*  
command to the battle bridge.  
(to Data)  
Make the signal, Data.

Data touches a control and we HEAR (still preserved from  
surface ship days) the BUGLE CALL "BEAT TO QUARTERS"  
which continues REPEATING as all bridge crew members  
(except Worf) begin leaving their posts. While  
SUPERNUMERARIES arrive on the turbolifts, our bridge  
crew begins exiting the bridge.

FADE OUT:

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INT. BATTLE BRIDGE

As the turbolift doors snap open, Picard and the others ENTER the smaller, spacier and functional Battle Bridge.

PICARD V.O.  
... SO THAT FAMILIES AND THE  
MAJORITY OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY ...

19.

PART TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

(OPTICAL)

Still at high warp. We cannot see the image of the following "hostile" (which is not magnified in this ANGLE).

PICARD V.O.

Captain's log, stardate 42354.1.  
Preparing to detach saucer  
section, so that the majority....

INT. MONTAGE OF SAUCER SETS

Families, children, science technicians, etc., moving into safe areas.

PICARD V.O.

(continuing)

...of the ship's company can seek  
relative safety ~~while our vessel's~~  
STARDRIVE, CONTAINING OUR BATTLE BRIDGE...

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE - VARIOUS ANGLES

Acquainting us with the smaller and more severe Battle Bridge, its configuration and positions. Picard is speaking the balance of his log entry to the microphone at his command position.

PICARD

(continuing)

...while our vessel's stardrive,  
containing our main armaments,  
will turn back and confront the  
life form threatening us.

(turning to Tasha)

Lieutenant, your torpedoes must  
detonate close enough to blind or  
the hostile at the instant we  
separate. At the moment we separate,

TASHA

Understood, sir.

PICARD

(raises voice)

Attention bridge! This is the  
Captain....

life form

MYSTERY THAT IS

THE HOSTILE TO

WOLF

INT. BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING LT. WORF

The young Klingon at the Captain's command station now.

WORF  
~~Bridge:~~ *YES CAPTAIN?*

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE

PICARD'S INTERCOM VOICE  
 Begin countdown....  
 (touches panel control)  
Mark!

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

*(OPTICAL)*  
~~Traveling through space for a moment. Then, photon~~  
 Photon torpedoes blasting out of their tubes, their pattern disappearing into the distance behind the vessel. *torpedos*

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE

All intent on what is happening as:

TROI  
 All decks acknowledging, sir.

~~TASHA~~  
 Torpedoes away....mark!

DATA  
 Starship separation.... six, five,  
 four, three, two, one....

EXT. ENTERPRISE - ANGLES ON SEPARATION MECHANISM

*(OPTICAL)*  
 As we see the largest of the assemblies begin to move, yawning open. Other mechanisms are doing their jobs too....and THE MONOLITHIC STARSHIP DIVIDES INTO ITS TWO SECTIONS....STARDRIVE AND SAUCER MOVING APART.

PICARD V.O.  
 Ship's log, exact moment of  
 separation, stardate 42354.22.

As the Stardrive Section gets safely clear of the saucer, it begins turning, doubling back to face the "Q" menace. And now in the direction of that threat, we begin to see PHOTON EXPLOSIONS in the far, far distance.



## INT. BATTLE BRIDGE - INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

On which we see a tiny but SOMEWHAT LARGER IMAGE OF THE HOSTILE VESSEL in front of which the last few PHOTON DETONATIONS HAPPEN AND FADE AWAY.

TASHA

~~Separation is successful, sir.~~ *All torpedoes have*  
~~No problems encountered.~~ *detonated, sir.*

PICARD

(to Data)

Reverse power and hold this position.

DATA

(gives a surprised look)

Reverse power...decelerating.

TROI

That will bring them here in just minutes, sir.

TASHA

Will we make a fight of it, Captain? If we can at least damage their ship....

PICARD

(indicating viewer)

Lieutenant...are you recommending we fight a life form that can do all those things?

(as Tasha hesitates)

I'd like to hear your advice.

TASHA

I...spoke before I thought, sir. We should look for *some* another way to distract them from *GOING AFTER* the saucer.

DATA

All forward motion stopped, sir.

PICARD

(to Troi)

Commander, signal the following in all languages and on all frequencies: we surrender. State that we are not asking for any terms or conditions.

TROI

Aye, sir. All language forms and frequencies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Troi works at her console sending the signal, Tasha has been looking puzzled toward Picard. Now:

TASHA

Sir...on decisions like that, how can a ship commander be certain he or she is right?

PICARD

We can't be. But we must...such as now.

ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER

Where the IMAGE OF THE HOSTILE is rapidly <sup>Growing</sup> ~~looming~~ in size.

EXT. SPACE - U.S.S. ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

As the HOSTILE IMAGE rushes down on the starship, THE COALESCENT SHAPE OPENING UP INTO SOMETHING LIKE THE SHIMMERING GRID WE'VE SEEN, but now as if to enclose (and perhaps crush) the starship. A FURY OF SOUNDS like CLANKING-SCREAMS OF METAL BEING STRESSED BEYOND ITS LIMITS.

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE - VARIOUS ANGLES

As the bridge and the entire Stardrive Section is SHAKEN ALMOST ANGRILY as the same CACOPHONY OF CLANKING-SCREAMS continues. All bridge crew cling to their seats until the SHAKING AND SOUNDS REACH A PEAK. As when "Q" first appeared, FLASHES OF LIGHT BLIND US and become:

INT. "Q" COURTROOM - EMPHASIZING PICARD, DATA, TROI, TASHA

It is an immense courtroom meant to reflect strength and power. (We'll discover that it dates back to the mid-21st Century post-atomic crisis era.) Both decor and legal procedures reflect the time when a desperate humanity, still wounded and bleeding from nuclear war, sought answers to its pain and problems through the merciless strength of a new form of dictatorial government representing neither capitalism nor communism. Our three starship people are in old, ragged and stained uniforms which 'demean' them as criminals. In comparison with the gleaming steel and glass of the rest of the courtroom, the Prisoner's Dock at which our people sit is made of rough-hewn, hard and ugly wooden benches.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Suddenly, our Starfleet group is CAUGHT IN A HARSHLY GLARING SPOTLIGHT. Data, looking around with great curiosity, is the first to speak:

DATA *INTRIGUING,*  
Historically fascinating, Captain.  
Very, very accurate.

PICARD *Marching "A" costume.*  
(nods)  
My god! Mid-21st Century, the  
post-atomic horror....

Interrupted by the SOUND OF A BELL, and CUT TO:

ANGLE INCLUDING MANDARIN-BAILIFF

*The MANDARIN-BAILIFF*  
Important, ~~this~~ is not a fun figure. Despite the *ASIAN*  
~~Chinese~~ robe and accent, he is an important authority  
figure in all this--and his expression and actions  
underscore this. ~~He~~ uses an ancient, oriental bell,  
DOLEFULLY CLANGING to gain attention.

MANDARIN-BAILIFF  
All present, make respectful  
attention to honored Judge!

*He carries a slim, portable view screen, the face of which contains scrolled information he will occasionally refer to. Now, as he nods to a court functionary who*

ANGLE EMPHASIZING SPECTATORS

Some still arriving, chattering in excitement, having to be intimidated into silence by 21st CENTURY SOLDIERS, heavily armed.

~~MANDARIN-BAILIFF~~  
(to Picard)  
Stand, please! Make respectful  
attention!

Picard waves in a way indicating Data and Troi should NOT stand.  
stay in their seats.

TROI  
(quietly to Picard)  
Careful, sir. This is not an  
illusion or a dream.

PICARD  
But these courts happened in our  
past....

TROI  
I don't understand either, but  
this is real. I can feel that!

OTHER ANGLES AS NEEDED

A 21st Century MILITARY OFFICER moving to our Starfleet group, leveling his automatic weapon toward them.

FUTURE MILITARY OFFICER  
Get to your feet, criminals!

Our people ignore him too. "Mandarin-Bailiff" is CLANGING THE BELL again. Data sees something, indicates:

DATA *We're acquainted with*  
At least we know the judge,  
Captain.

ANGLE ON JUDGE

The "judge's bench" (an appropriate 21st Century design on Chapman camera-crane) comes floating into the courtroom. Seated in it is "Q" (JUDGE), an arrangement which gives "his Honor" physical access to every part and corner of this courtroom. As he floats serenely over spectators' heads, suddenly there's the RATATATTAT of an automatic weapon.

ANGLE INCLUDING MILITARY OFFICER

Just completing FIRING a warning burst at the feet of Picard.

MILITARY OFFICER  
(fiercely angry,  
screaming it angrily)  
Attention! On your feet,  
attention!

But Tasha pivoting in fast, taking the weapon and throwing the Officer crashing to the floor. Judge's "bench" hurries INTO SCENE fast.

*(camera crane) brings "Q"*  
Q (JUDGE)  
You are out of order!

But he's speaking to the downed military officer, not to Tasha. Which turns out to be a sentence of death -- carried out by a pair of Soldiers who step in, raising their automatic weapons, FIRING at the Officer lying on the floor. Spectators break into APPLAUSE as the Officer slumps and lies unmoving.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Q (JUDGE)  
(continuing)  
This is a trial, not an execution.  
(a glance at Picard)  
Unless they're found guilty, of course.

the prisoners will  
not be hanged.

Still hovering over the fallen officer, "Q" indicates the body.

Q (JUDGE)  
(continuing)  
Dispose of that.

Picard has taken the automatic weapon from Tasha.

PICARD  
Then I assume you mean a fair trial?

This will be

Q (JUDGE)  
Yes, absolutely equitable.

Picard hands the weapon to "Bailiff". "Q" (JUDGE) swings his "bench" to CENTER FRONT of the courtroom.

PICARD  
(quietly)  
Analysis? Anyone.

DATA  
Most definitely the time your historians call 'The Horror'.

Q (JUDGE)  
Silence!  
(to Mandarin-Bailiff)  
Continue.

(REFER to his  
portable view screen)

MANDARIN-BAILIFF  
Before this gracious court now appear these humans to answer for the multiple and grievous savageries of their species.

Judge's "bench" swings "Q" (JUDGE) in literally nose-to-nose with Picard.

Q (JUDGE)  
How plead you, criminal?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

If I may, Captain....

(gets a nod)

Objection, your honor. In the year 2016, the new United Nations declared that no earth citizen could be made to answer for the crimes of ~~others~~. *THEIR RACE OR FOREBEARERS.*

Q (JUDGE)

Objection denied!

Followed by CLANGING OF BAILIFF'S BELL and CHEERS FROM THE SPECTATORS.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING "Q" AND PICARD

Q (JUDGE)

This is a court of the year 2049, by which time all such 'United Earth' nonsense had been *abolished.* *(CONTINUING)* *more 'RAPID' progress had CAUSED* *to be*

(quietly to Picard, amused)

So much for the 'progress' humans began to make..

At which point Tasha comes to her feet very angry.

PICARD

Tasha, no...

TASHA

I must...

(to "Q")

...because I grew up on a world that allowed things like this court. And it was people like these from Starfleet that saved me from it. I say that this so-called court should get down on its knees to what starfleet is, what it represents...

ANOTHER  
OPTICAL ANGLE

(OPTICAL)

An "Q" (JUDGE) flies INTO SCENE, *WAVE* gesturing toward Tasha as he did earlier to Con on the bridge...resulting in the same FLUTTERING ELECTRIC BLUE WAVE THAT ENVELOPES HER. As Tasha goes rigid, frozen, Data supports her, lowers her form gently to the floor *AS*, shouting to "Q":

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(SHORTING TO "Q")  
 TROI  
 You barbarian! That girl....

"Q" gestures and the same FLUTTERING ELECTRIC BLUE WAVE ENVELOPS HER TOO. Picard leaps in, keeps her frozen, rigid form from crashing down.

MANDARIN-BAILIFF  
 Criminals keep silence!

ANGLE ON PICARD

bending over Tasha, then to "Q":

PICARD  
 You've got a lot to learn about humans if you think you can torture us or frighten us into silence.

(to Data)  
 Are they still alive?

DATA  
 Uncertain. Lieutenant Graham was when our medics thawed him out.

DATA  
 "Q" (JUDGE) glides in closer on his "bench".

Q (JUDGE)  
You will answer the charges!

PICARD  
 Or what? Or this, or worse? Or death? I suggest you take a better look at human history.

Spectators have begun GRUMBLING over Picard's failure to answer "Q".

Q (JUDGE)  
You are charged, criminals. How plead you?

PICARD  
~~We plead nothing, we do nothing until our comrades here are returned to us as they were.~~

SO LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR OWN RULES?

JUST A MOMENT AGO, YOU PROMISED THE PRISONERS WILL NOT BE HARMED. WE

LOUDER GRUMBLING from the Spectators now.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Q (JUDGE)  
 I suggest you center your attention  
 on the trial, Captain. It may be  
 your only hope.

PICARD  
 (continuing)

Which you now may be having second  
 thoughts about. You're  
 considering that if you conduct this trial fairly, which was your  
promise, you may lose.

And I  
 suggest

About this trial!

Q (JUDGE)  
 (laughs)

Lose?

PICARD  
 Yes, even though you're judge, and  
 prosecutor....

Q (JUDGE)  
 (nods)  
And jury.

PICARD  
 (considers it; nods)  
 Accepted...so long as you keep  
 to your agreement.  
 (indicates Troi and  
 Tasha)  
 Was assaulting prisoners allowed  
 in these courts?

OPTICAL ANGLE ON "Q"

(OPTICAL)

Seems to be considering it. Then he looks downward,  
 indicates.

Q (JUDGE)  
 This is a merciful court.

"Q" waves his hand DOWNWARD TO WARD TROI AND TASHA AND  
 A RIPPLE OF LIGHT plays over the two women, UNFREEZING  
 THEM.

ANOTHER ANGLE "Q" (JUDGE)

The court very disorderly now with some spectators  
 standing on their benches SHOUTING as an annoyed "Q"  
 brings his "bench" up hovering over the heads of  
 everyone.

Q (JUDGE)  
 (greatly AMPLIFIED)  
SILENCE!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

The order is so LOUDLY AMPLIFIED that it comes near to shaking the entire courtroom structure. The spectators bite off their words and sink frightened into their seats. We notice "Q" throwing a glance toward Picard to see if the Captain is properly impressed. Then the "bench" is lowered to allow "Q" to face Picard again

Q (JUDGE)

(continued)

Continuing these proceedings, I must caution you that legal trickery is not permitted. This is a court of fact!

PICARD

(same words; same time)

...court of fact!

(nods)

We humans know our past, even when we're ashamed of it. I recognize this court system as the one which agreed with Shakespeare's suggestion -- "Kill all the lawyers".

Q (JUDGE)

(nods)

Which ~~we~~ *humans* did.

PICARD

~~Obviously. And the rule became~~ *Which led to*  
"guilty until proven innocent".

Q (JUDGE)

Of course. We bring the guilty to trial. Bringing the innocent to trial would be unfair.

(leaning in; voice amplified)

YOU WILL NOW ANSWER THE CHARGES  
*AGAINST HUMANITY*

PICARD

*Answer any*  
We'll be happy to when you make specific charges. "Grievous savagery" could mean anything.

Q (JUDGE)

(interrupting)

Obviously it means causing harm to fellow creatures!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD

Such as you did when you froze  
a member of our bridge crew? Will  
you be joining us in the dock  
here?

Q (JUDGE)

You fool. Are you certain you  
want a full disclosure of human  
ugliness?

(to Mandarin-Bailiff)

So be it! Present the charges.

*REFER TO HIS PORTABLE VIEW SCREEN, THEN*  
Mandarin-Bailiff somehow now has a thick parchment roll  
under his arm. He steps forward and presents it to ~~PICARD~~  
Picard. *EXAMINATION.*

MANDARIN-BAILIFF

Criminal, you will read the  
charges to the court.

Picard takes the parchment, glances through some amount  
of it. Then he looks up.

PICARD

I see no charges against us, your  
honor.

Q (JUDGE)

(pounds "bench top")

Criminal, you are out of order!

Soldiers move in, unslinging automatic weapons, of which  
the barrels of two of them are now placed against Troi's  
and Data's heads.

FADE OUT:

RODDENBERRY.COM

PART THREE

FADE IN:

INT. "Q" COURTROOM - WIDE ANGLE

Action continuing from where it ended. The gun barrels are now pressing even closer to Troi and Data's heads as:

"Q" (JUDGE)

Soldiers,

(indicates guns)

... you will press those triggers if this criminal answers with any word other than "guilty"...

CLOSER ANGLE

The Soldiers CLICKING FIRING ACTION TO FULL COCK. "Q" turns to Picard.

"Q" (JUDGE)

Criminal, how plead you?

Picard takes his time, looking to his people, the Soldiers holding the guns at their heads, then to "Q". He seems to be taking too much time, and one of them shifts his weight, the other begins grasping his weapon even more firmly. Then:

PICARD

Guilty...

Picard's people can't help but show relief and even the soldiers lighten up their stance and their grip on the weapons, until:

PICARD

(continuing)

... provisionally so.

Surprised by this "add on", the Soldiers begin bringing their guns in close again, looking for guidance to "Q" who looks like he could decide either way. After considering it for a moment:

"Q" (JUDGE)

The Court will hear the provision.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD

We question whether this court is abiding by its own trial instructions. Do I have permission to have Commander Data repeat the record?

"Q" (JUDGE)

If this is legal trickery...

PICARD

Your own words, your honor.  
(to Data)

Exactly what followed his Honor's statement that ~~this trial would not become an execution.~~ *The prisoners would not be harmed?*

EMPHASIZING DATA

Taking a moment to consult his memory, then:

DATA

Yes, sir. The Captain has asked the question...

(in Picard's VOICE)

"A trial, not an execution?"

(in Data VOICE)

And in reply, the judge stated...

(in "Q"'s VOICE)

Unless these criminals are found guilty, of course.

(in Picard's VOICE)

May I assume you mean a fair trial?

*"CAN WE ASSUME THIS WILL BE A FAIR TRIAL?"*

OTHER ANGLES

as Data goes on.

DATA

(continuing in "Q"'s VOICE)

"Yes, absolutely equitable."

"Q" (JUDGE)

Unacceptable testimony, entirely unacceptable....!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PICARD

If your Honor pleases, there is a simple way to clear up this disagreement.

(waits until he has "Q" attention)

We agree there is evidence to support the court's contention that humans have been murderous and dangerous.

(moves in closer to "Q")

I say "have been" ... and therefore we respectfully submit ourselves to a test of whether this is presently true of humans. On a planet in this direction where we were headed.

"Q" (JUDGE)

(suddenly alert)

Yes, yes, you were instructed to deal with another life form there...

PICARD

Yes, your Honor, and I'm suggesting that the way we deal with that planet's form and our assignment there...

"Q" (JUDGE)

Another brilliant suggestion, Captain. But your test hardly requires a 'LONG MISSION'.

(finally LAUGHS)

And it will surprise you what you'll encounter. It will be an excellent test of human worth.

Picard, like the others, is now becoming just a bit concerned. What does lie ahead of them on Farpoint Station?

ANGLE INCLUDING MANDARIN-BAILIFF

with "Q" nodding to him as the Bailiff stands, raising his voice.

MANDARIN-BAILIFF

Stand respectfully. All present, respectfully stand!

See RB  
Memo Re: test  
P. suggest formal  
test and Q suggest  
un-suggesting  
specified  
Farpoint.

I see, I see,  
(an idea forming)  
And you petition  
the Court your  
you and your  
comrades as proof  
of what humanity  
has become.

There should be many  
ways we can be tested.  
We have a long  
mission ahead of us...

Your immediate  
destination offers  
more challenge than  
you can possibly  
imagine. Yes, yes,  
this Farpoint  
Station.

P  
There should be  
many ways we can be tested.  
We have a long  
mission ahead of us...



WIDE ANGLE

Spectators standing. Picard and his people coming to their feet too.

~~OPTICAL ANGLE~~ - EMPHASIZING "Q" AND PRISONERS

(OPTICAL)

as "Q" moves his bench into position.

"Q" (JUDGE)

This trial is adjourned to allow the criminals' character to be tested ~~for reliability.~~

The Mandarin-bailiff LOUDLY CLANGS HIS BELL.

MANDARIN-BAILIFF

This honorable court is adjourned!

There is a smile coming onto the face of "Q" as he turns to Picard.

"Q" (JUDGED)

Captain, you may find yourselves not nearly clever enough to deal with what is waiting at your destination. It may have been better to accept sentence ~~here.~~

Lies ahead  
for you.

"Q" WAVES TOWARD THEM, PRODUCING THE BLINDING LIGHT EFFECT we've seen before -- and the EFFECT BECOMES:

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE

beginning to

Picard and the others now in their normal garb and at their regular stations, all registering their sudden realization of where they now are. Data is back at the Conn position.

ANGLES EMPHASIZING DATA TRIANGLE! Tasha  
REACTING TO WHEN PICARD TALKS NOW KIND THEMSELVES. DATA

Helm, what's your status?  
Data turns with a look at surprise.

DATA

Uh... status, sir? what is present course, Ops?

The OPS OFFICER looks at Data, surprised, too.

exactly

OPS

(to Data)

It's what the Captain just ordered, sir. Direct heading to Farpoint Station.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Data has reviewed his console readings during this, turns to Picard:

DATA

~~Sir...~~ *CONFIRM WE ARE ON THAT heading, sir.*

OPS

(to Data)

Know anything about Farpoint?  
It sounds like a fairly dull place.

*OPS,*

PICARD

Actually, I've heard just the opposite.

*and Tasha*  
Picard, Data, and Troi exchange looks, then settle back.

*OPTION*  
EXT. SPACE - LONG SHOT - PLANET (~~SPEC. FX~~)

moving in on a yellowish ball of a planet glowing against the black backdrop of a starry space in the reflected light of its sun. There is some cloud layer. At this distance, the planet's land masses are vague and indistinct.

RIKER'S VOICE

Personal log, Commander William Riker, Star Date 42354.4, at Farpoint Station.

*OPTION*  
CLOSER - ON THE PLANETS AND THE USS HOOD (~~SPEC. FX~~)

An older class starship (the USS Hood) lies in geosynchronous orbit above the planet.

RIKER'S VOICE

... U.S.S. Hood has dropped me off at Farpoint Station where I await the arrival of the new U.S.S. Enterprise...

*MINIATURE ?*  
CLOSER - ON THE OLD CITY/STATION (~~SPEC. FX~~)

AN AERIAL VIEW of the small, obviously old Bandi city connected to the modern sprawling spaceport/station, both set in the middle of a harsh and forbidding landscape. This is Farpoint Station. *CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE OLD CITY PORTION.*

RIKER'S VOICE

... To which I have been assigned as First Officer. Meanwhile...

## INT. OLD CITY CORRIDOR - PANNING RIKER

Commander William T. Riker approaching the door leading to the office at Farpoint's Administrator.

*OF*  
RIKER'S VOICE  
... I have been asked to visit the office ~~at~~ Farpoint Station's Administrator.

## INT. ZORN'S OFFICE - OLD CITY - DAY - ANGLE ON RIKER AND ZORN

Riker ENTERING, crossing to an elegant, unusually shaped desk where ZORN, the station Groppler (administrator) rises and (unused to handshaking) at first offers the wrong hand, then gets the procedure straightened out with MUMBLED APOLOGIES. As with all the Bandi, Zorn is tall, skinny, rather grey-looking -- appears to be sixtyish (as do all the Bandi, including the young ones.)

ZORN  
I thought you might like to know, Commander Riker, that we've still no word from your vessel. But, I trust we have made your waiting comfortable?

RIKER  
Luxurious is more like it. Would it seem ungrateful if I ask for some information?

ZORN  
Anything!

RIKER  
Fascinating how in the midst of an old city like this, you've built a completely modern tritanium and duraglass space station. Your energy supply must be as abundant as I've heard.

ZORN  
Geothermal energy is the ~~principal~~ *ONE GREAT* blessing of this planet. I'll have all the details sent to ~~the~~ *OF THAT* computer in your quarters.

*Thank you. But it still seems*  
RIKER  
It's just short of incredible how you've built this station so rapidly and so... so perfectly suited to our needs.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Pushes a desk top bowl of fruit toward Riker.

ZORN

Would your care for an Earth delicacy, Commander?

RIKER

Well, if there's an apple there...

There isn't and we can SEE that this disappoints Zorn.

RIKER

(looking up; continues)

It doesn't matter... what I was saying was...

(sees something out of SCENE)

Well, I'll be damned!

CAMERA PANS RIKER

as he steps to the far end of Zorn's desk where ANGLE REVEALS a second bowl of fruit. Riker picks an apple from it.

ZORN

Ah... ah yes, there was another selection here...

RIKER

(perplexed)

Zorn, I would have sworn it wasn't here a moment ago.

ZORN

And does your failure to notice it make it unwelcome?

(smiles)

The same with Farpoint Station, Commander. We hope a few easily answered questions about it won't make Starfleet appreciate it less.

Riker eyes Zorn thoughtfully, then takes a bite out of the apple. He chews, then:

RIKER

I'm sure it won't, sir.

(raises apple up)

And this is delicious. Thank you.

(crossing to door)

Good morning, Groppler Zorn.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He is EXITING even as Zorn levers himself out of his own chair.

ZORN  
Good morning.

The door closes behind Riker, and Zorn turns around angrily.

ZORN  
(continuing)  
You've been told not to do that.  
Why can't you understand? It will  
arouse their suspicions.

As he speaks, CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL clearly that there is no one else in the room, nor does he appear to be speaking into any sort of communication device. He seems to be talking to the walls.

ZORN  
(continuing)  
... and if that happens, we will  
have to punish you. We will, I  
promise you. We must!

No reply that we can hear. Is this man mad?

CUT TO:

~~INT. FARPOINT STATION CORRIDOR~~  
*FOYER*

In considerable contrast to Zorn's old city office we just left, this structure has a "starbase" look with its dazzling tritanium and glass construction. The few people in sight are Starfleet personnel. ENTERING FOREGROUND are DR. BEVERLY CRUSHER and her fifteen-year-old son WESLEY. Like most other humans of this century, she doesn't look her age. Although forty years old, she looks hardly more than thirty. Her attractiveness is underscored by a naturally provocative walk -- the woman can't help it. This is counter-balanced by her quick intelligence and her professional knowledge and skill as a physician. Her son, Wes, has that same quick intelligence, multiplied by four. That lively brain is ensconced in the body of a perfectly normal boy with moderate good looks, a cheerful personality, ~~and a lot of enthusiasm for life.~~

*but with considerable maturity for someone  
his age.*

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Riker ENTERS SCENE behind them and hurries to catch up.  
He calls:

RIKER  
Doctor Crusher...

WESLEY  
Mother, it's Commander Riker.

Beverly slows, lets Riker walk along with them. We see that despite her attractive face and form, she is naturally dignified and a bit ~~cool~~ with recent ~~new~~ acquaintances ~~like Riker~~. *Reserved*

RIKER  
And hello to you, Wesley.  
Enjoying Farpoint Station?

WESLEY  
(happily)  
Yes, sir.

Riker smiles at the boy. It's clear he approves of this polite and likeable kid. Then he becomes aware that Beverly has answered his greeting and is waiting.

RIKER  
Saw you and thought I'd join your stroll, if I may.

BEVERLY  
Actually, we're about to do some shopping.

Riker throws her a look. Is she rejecting the offer of his company?

RIKER  
I've been meaning to visit the mall myself. If I'm welcome?

BEVERLY  
Of course.

She moves toward an exit door. Wes has been looking from one to the other of them, interested in what they've said... and not said.

INT. FARPOINT SHOPPING MALL - DAY

The ANGLE suggests a covered, airy mall with flowers and trees -- many of them Earth types but with a scattering of alien vegetation too.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

It is a spacious walkway with a number of pleasant shops and booths. In b.g. we SEE Bandi natives of this world, a tall and greyish life form, quiet and overly polite. Beverly, Wesley and Riker move down a line of shops.

(GRINS)  
I'm willing  
Doctor.  
(more serious)  
And

RIKER

Actually, I was thinking, Ma'am, although we're not officially part of the Enterprise yet, there might be something useful we could do while we wait.

I thought

CLOSER - BEVERLY, WESLEY, RIKER

as they walk, Wes continuing to eye the two adults. Then:

WESLEY

If you're wondering about Mom, Mister Riker, she's isn't actually unfriendly. She's just shy around men she doesn't know.

Beverly is startled; Riker amused.

BEVERLY

Wesley...!

(swallows her annoyance;  
to Riker)

I believe that means he likes you and would like us to be friends.

RIKER

(grins)

I'm willing. We'll all be on the same ship a long time together.

Beverly stops at a table in front of a shop selling exotic materials. The modest selections of cloth are lined up on the table, some draped for best effect. Beverly looks over them critically, feeling weight and texture. The Bandi SHOP KEEPER has stayed at the rear of the booth and Riker lowers his voice so as to not be overheard.

BEVERLY

Does that 'useful business' have anything to do with what you mentioned when we met? The style of art you said you liked and then found hanging on your wall here?

"Useful"? How?  
And what, Commander?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RIKER

~~Well... yes. But this time it was a piece of fruit...~~

INVESTIGATING SOME THINGS I'VE NOTICED HERE, DOCTOR. THE LAST

Beverly has frowned over a particularly pretty piece of material which she holds up for the Shopkeeper to see.

BEVERLY

Would this be available in emerald green?

The Bandi merchant smiles, nods and takes the bolt of cloth INTO A SMALL CLOSED OFF AREA BEHIND. Wes watches the merchant go as Beverly turns to look at Riker appraisingly.

BEVERLY

(continuing)

I'm sure, Commander, there are reasons for a First Officer to want to demonstrate his energy and alertness to a new captain, but since my duty and interests are outside the command structure...

The Bandi Merchant comes quickly with the bolt of cloth -- now emerald green -- interrupts Beverly by holding it up for her approval.

RIKER

Isn't it nice he happened to have the right color?

Beverly glances sharply at Riker, suppressing a somewhat chagrined look.

BEVERLY

(to Merchant)

Thank you. I'll take the entire bolt. Charge it to Beverly Crusher, Chief Medical Officer, USS Enterprise.

The Merchant nods, ticks the information off on a flat little gadget that dangles from his belt, hands her the bolt of cloth.

ANOTHER ANGLE - DOLLYING WITH BEVERLY, RIKER, WESLEY

as they walk away, Riker enjoying the look that's come onto her face over this incident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIKER

Let's see, where were we?

BEVERLY

I was accusing you of inventing work in order to curry favor with your new captain. I apologize.

WESLEY

Finding the exact right color took him only about twelve seconds, Mom.

They stop a little distance off and look back toward the shop.

BEVERLY

Maybe this is something Jean-Luc Picard will want looked into.

RIKER

Jean-Luc? You know Captain Picard?

WESLEY

(proudly)

That was when I was little. He brought my father's body home to us.

Riker is startled but Beverly only smiles, fondly pats her son's head.

BEVERLY

Yes, Wes, long, long ago.

(to Riker)

Shall we continue the walk? I'd like to know you better, Mister Riker.

CUT TO:

INT. FARPOINT LOUNGE - DAY - ON GEORDI AND MARKHAM

LT. GEORDI LaFORGE and ENSIGN SAWYER MARKHAM are hovering around a station viewscreen located in the small, comfortable lounge area. Markham is a likeable young man, enthusiastic, energetic. He is still inclined to shoot from the hip rather than consider before speaking, but he is a capable (and very new) graduate of the Academy. We SEE Geordi at first only from behind, and we may routinely register the fact he is black.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARKHAM

~~Come on, come on...~~ Where is she?  
They say she's never late -- not  
since the old burrhog took over  
the captain's chair.

RIKER'S VOICE

You wouldn't be talking about the  
Enterprise, would you, Ensign  
Markham?

WIDER ANGLE

The two young men turn around sharply to find Riker has  
come up behind them. The most important thing we notice  
about Geordi is that he wears a strange flattish device  
(like futuristic goggles) over his eyes. Although he  
is technically blind, his head always turns toward the  
person speaking to him because he can, in fact, see as  
well or better than anyone through the use of the visual  
prosthesis. As they realize that Riker is a senior  
officer, both young men straighten to attention.

*GEORDI AND*  
MARKHAM  
Sir. Yes, sir.

Riker smiles at the ingrained and traditional response  
of the recent Academy graduate.

RIKER

You can stand at ease, gentlemen.  
We're not on the Enterprise yet.

MARKHAM

You know we're assigned to her,  
sir.

RIKER

(extending his hand)

Riker. First Officer.

(they shake hands)

I read the service records on all  
new personnel on the trip out.  
Excellent academic record at Star  
Fleet Academy, Mr. Markham.

MARKHAM

Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RIKER

And you, Mr. LaForge. Captain Dreyer praised your performance on the Hood. Why did you request transfer to the Enterprise?

GEORDI

Who wouldn't, sir? The biggest, newest, fastest starship in the fleet --

RIKER

Commanded by the best burrhog in the fleet. Right, Mr. Markham?

MARKHAM

(sheepishly)  
Yes, sir.

RIKER

(grins)  
I've already forgotten who said that. *used those words.*

*Geordi has been surreptitiously glancing toward the viewscreen, now turns to Riker.*

GEORDI

Shouldn't we have heard something from her by now, sir?

*A BANDI WOMAN approaches!*  
~~INTERRUPTED BY A SOFT CHIME from a nearby viewscreen.~~

*BANDI WOMAN*  
~~DISPATCHER'S VOICE~~

~~Attention, Commander Riker?~~

~~Riker quickly moves, tabs the viewscreen activator button. The DISPATCHER (a Bandi woman) APPEARS ON THE VIEWSCREEN.~~

RIKER

~~Riker. Go ahead.~~ *Yes?*

~~DISPATCHER~~ *Bandi Woman*

The Enterprise has been picked up on our monitors, sir. I should tell you, sir, it is only the stardrive section.

~~GEORDI~~

~~What?~~

~~(to Riker)~~

~~What does that mean, sir?~~

*All three crewmen are surprised to hear this.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

~~MARKHAM~~~~(quickly)~~~~Has there been a battle, sir?~~~~RIKER~~ (TO WOMAN)~~Dispatcher, what about the saucer module?~~~~DISPATCHER~~~~We've received no explanation, sir. But the captain signals that you're to beam up immediately.~~~~Riker reaches for his communicator. <sup>TOUCHES</sup> his voice now 'treated' to indicate he is transmitting. (this will be STAN and COMMUNICATOR FORMAT.)~~~~RIKER~~ (CONTINUING)~~Enterprise, this is Commander Riker on Farpoint. Standing by to beam up.~~~~TRANSPORTER EFFECT (SPEC. FX)~~

FADE OUT.

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EXT. SPACE -- (OPTICAL)  
The ENTERPRISE STARDRIVE module in orbit of the Farpoint planet.

46.

PART FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. STARDRIVE TRANSPORTER ROOM - ANGLE ON PLATFORM (FX) OPTICAL

As Riker BEAMS IN. Lieutenant Tasha Yar of Security is there, waiting until Riker is fully materialized, then:

TASHA  
Lieutenant Yar, Security Chief,  
sir. Captain Picard will see you  
on the battle bridge, sir.

Riker was prepared to shake hands but Tasha is already leading the way toward the turbolift.

INT. TURBOLIFT

As Riker follows her inside, she speaks quietly toward the controls:

TASHA  
Bridge. Battle bridge.

The doors snap closed and the lift moves. Riker looks Tasha over, waiting, then:

RIKER  
With the saucer gone, can I assume  
something interesting happened  
on your way here?

TASHA  
I'll let the Captain explain, sir.

Riker's expression says: You don't say!

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE - ANGLE ON PICARD

He is seated in the command chair with Data, Tasha and a couple of other crewpersons at their stations.

DATA  
We are cleared into the standard  
parking orbit, sir.

PICARD  
(nods)  
Make it so.

(CONTINUED)



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47.

CONTINUED:

The bridge turbolift doors open, Riker ENTERS the bridge after Tasha, follows her to Picard.

TASHA  
Commander Riker, sir.

RIKER  
Riker, W.T., reporting as ordered,  
sir.

Picard takes his time, looking Riker over and then offering his hand.

PICARD  
I really didn't expect to welcome  
you to half a starship, Riker.  
(to Tasha)  
Is the viewer ready?

TASHA  
All set up, sir.

PICARD  
(to Riker)  
We'll first bring you up to date  
on a little... "adventure" we had  
on our way here, Commander. Then  
we'll talk.

TASHA  
(to Riker)  
This way, sir.

*Have, Picard does not waste time. Tasha is already leading Riker*  
~~She leads him~~ toward a viewer at the aft section of the  
battle bridge.

ANGLE ON AFT VIEWER

as Tasha motions Riker to the seat, turns the VIEWER  
ON. The VIEWER SHOWS A SHOT FROM EARLIER WHEN "Q"  
(ELIZABETHAN) HAD APPEARED AND IS TALKING TO Picard.  
The VOICES ARE FAINT and Riker leans in, riveting  
attention to the bridge record.

ANGLE ON PICARD AND DATA

as the android officer turns toward the Captain.

DATA  
(interrupting)  
Message from the saucer module. *IT will arrive here in*  
~~It's now 51 minutes away, sir.~~  
*fifty-one*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

~~INFORM~~ PICARD  
~~Tell~~ them we'll hook up as soon  
 as they arrive.

Picard stands, crosses past Tasha on his way to the  
 turbolift.

PICARD  
 (to Tasha)  
 Bring him to my ready room when  
 he's done there.

Picard EXITS via turbolift.

ANGLE ON RIKER

Where VIEWER SHOWS ANGLE ON THE "Q" GRIDWORK STRETCHES  
 OVER THE HEAVENS, THEN SHOT OF "Q" (21st CENTURY).  
 Riker TURNS AWAY FROM VIEWER TOWARD CAMERA as he looks  
 at the crewpersons on the bridge. He speaks to no one  
 in particular.

RIKER  
 He calls that "a little  
 adventure"?

~~BRIDGE~~  
 INT. BATTLE READY ROOM

Picard at a viewer going over a rather complex screen  
 of formulas. A KNOCK at the door, he turns the viewer  
 off.

PICARD  
 Come.

Riker ENTERS, crosses to where the Captain indicates  
 he's to sit. He does so, looking at Picard. Then:

RIKER  
 Wow!

PICARD  
 (laughs, nods)  
 Exactly.

RIKER  
 This "Q", sir... is he crazy?  
 I mean, seriously?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD

Seriously, does it really matter how we judge them? We're dealing with a life form that can juggle starships as if they were pebbles.

RIKER

It's a rather astonishing thing you've just dropped on me, Captain.

PICARD (SNAPS)

(interrupting)

The important thing, Riker, is that we can be dead certain... accent on dead... that "Q" wasn't joking. In my opinion, we are

Over which we have heard a CHIME SOUND.

PICARD

(continuing)

Go.

DATA'S VOICE

The saucer module now entering orbit with us, sir.

PICARD

Acknowledge. Commander Riker will conduct the docking. Picard out.

RIKER

Sir?

PICARD

You've reported in, haven't you? You are qualified?

RIKER

Yes, sir.

PICARD

Then I meant now, Mister Riker.

Riker jumps to his feet, EXITS. CAMERA PANS to Picard whose expression says he's not too unhappy with what he's seen on this man so far.

EXT. SPACE - SAUCER SECTION, BATTLE SECTION (SPEC. FX)

As before, the saucer section is above and ahead of the battle section. The battle section is SLOWLY moving ahead toward the saucer section for link-up.

Something

has

Little Adventure

The issue isn't what we call it, Command.

We're alive only because we were placed in

on probation, a very serious kind of probation.

A Manual

Now relaxes,

Of his new first officer

OPTICAL

INT. BATTLE BRIDGE - FULL SHOT

Riker at the conn, concentrating. Tasha and Data are studying him, privately evaluating this new man.

RIKER  
As ordered. EMPHASIZING RIKER

He makes a couple of calculations, glancing up at the viewscreen.

ANGLE ON VIEWSCREEN (SPEC. FX)

The rear end of the saucer is moving closer, but it is still high.

EMPHASIZING RIKER

RIKER

Two percent rise. Up angle adjustment three degrees. Maintain docking speed.

EXT. SPACE - SAUCER AND BATTLE SECTION (SPEC FX)

The battle section is seen rising, angling forward slightly, still moving slowly toward the saucer.

BATTLE  
INT. BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING RIKER

glancing at the O.S. viewscreen, works his console again.

RIKER  
Level flight. Maintain docking speed. Docking crew, prepare for reconnection.

EXT. SPACE - ANGLE ON SAUCER AND BATTLE SECTION (SPEC. FX)

The two are level now, quite close together, the battle section still moving slowly forward.

INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON RIKER

Riker looks up at the viewscreen again.



OPTICAL

ANGLE ON VIEWSCREEN (~~SPEC. FX~~)

The saucer looms in the viewscreen -- everything is level, the docking section is dead ahead -- we are still moving forward.

CLOSE ON RIKER

He makes a couple of quick entries on his console.

RIKER

All stop, engines stand down.  
Stand by for docking. *Arr. Inertial*  
*Should do the job now.*

OPTICAL

EXT. SPACE - SAUCER AND BATTLE SECTION (~~SPEC. FX~~)

The two glide together smoothly.

INT. BRIDGE - WIDE SHOT

Riker hits a couple more tabs on his panel as:

RIKER

*REDUNDANT*  
Docking... now.

EXT. SPACE - FINAL HOOK-UP

- (OPTICAL)

The reverse of disconnecting SHOTS we saw earlier -- huge STARDRIVE SECTION and SAUCER MODULE MECHANISMS MAKING FINAL HOOK-UP.

INT. PICARD'S CABIN

Much larger and more comfortable than the small Battle Ready Room we were in earlier. Picard is there, turning as he hears a KNOCK:

PICARD

Come!

Riker ENTERS.

PICARD

(continuing)

Textbook maneuvering, Mister Riker. Very nice.

*A fairly routine maneuver but you handled it quite well.*

RIKER

Thank you, sir. *I hope I show some promise.*

Picard leads Riker to a setting for coffee.

*An exchange of looks between the two. Clearly, Riker is annoyed by the 'FAWT PRAISE' kind of welcome. Picard leads the way to a setting for coffee.*

(CONTINUED)

INSERT  
SCENES SHOWN  
ON REVERSE  
OF THIS PAGE

CONTINUED:

PICARD  
Some coffee.

RIKER  
~~Yes.~~ *No THANK YOU, SIR.*

PICARD *(pours himself a cup)*  
And now I have a question to ask you, Commander. A kind of 'what sort of second-in-command have I inherited?' question.

RIKER  
Yes sir, I thought you might.

*There's nothing disrespectful in Riker's tone of voice, but he does leave an impression that he's not to be walked over either.*

PICARD  
I noticed in your envelope that Captain DeSoto thinks very highly of you. One curious thing, however, you refused to let him beam down to Altair IV?

RIKER  
In my opinion, sir, Altair IV was too dangerous to risk exposing the Captain.

PICARD  
I see. A captain's rank means nothing to you.

RIKER  
Rather the reverse, sir. A captain's life means a great deal to me.

PICARD  
Let me postulate something here, Mr. Riker. Isn't it just possible that you don't get to be a starship captain without knowing when it's safe to beam down or not? Isn't it a little presumptuous for a First Officer to second guess his captain's judgment? And, in fact, if a captain's judgment is so suspect that it has to be second guessed, perhaps we should ask if this individual is really qualified to be a captain?

RIKER  
Permission to speak candidly, sir?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

~~Please.~~ *Always,*

RIKER

*THAT*  
You've been a first officer yourself. You know that assuming the responsibility for the safety of the ship must, by definition, include the safety of the captain. I have no problem with following the rules you lay down. But under no circumstances will I compromise your safety. If you have a problem with that, sir, you can put me back on the Hood before she leaves.

PICARD

You don't intend to back off that position?

RIKER

No, sir, I can't.

Picard takes another beat to study him carefully, then:

PICARD

~~I'm glad to hear it. Welcome to the Enterprise, Mr. Riker.~~

~~He extends his hand for the first time, and Riker takes it for a firm handshake.~~

PICARD

*One further  
thing...*  
~~(continuing)~~

~~And now as you take over as my "First", there's a special favor I have to ask of you.~~

RIKER

Anything, sir.

PICARD

Using the same kind of strength you showed with Captain DeSoto, I'd appreciate it if you can keep me from making an ass of myself with children.

RIKER

Sir?

(CONTINUED)

For the FIRST TIME. Picard smiles, extending his hand. (We see he's surprisingly warm when he wants to be. Riker takes Picard's hand for a firm and friendly hand shake.

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WELCOME TO THE ENTERPRISE,  
MISTER RIKER.

CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD

I'm not a family man, Riker, and yet, Starfleet has given me a ship with children aboard.

RIKER

(nods)

Yes, sir. And families...

PICARD

And I don't feel comfortable with children. But, a captain needs an image of "geniality" toward the little monsters, and you're to see that's what I project.

RIKER

Aye, sir.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

as Riker steps out of the turbolift. He stops, takes in the size of his compared to the battle bridge. The Klingon Lieutenant is at the conn position. He turns, seeing Riker:

WORF

You're Commander Riker, aren't you, sir? I'm Lieutenant Worf. Welcome aboard.

Riker crosses in, shakes hands.

RIKER

Thank you, Lieutenant. Is Commander Data on duty?

WORF

Commander Data is on a special assignment, sir. He's using our shuttlecraft to transfer an Admiral up to the Hood.

RIKER

Isn't the Hood still in standard orbit? An Admiral?

WORF

Yes, sir. He's been aboard all day, sir, checking out medical lay-out.

RIKER

Then why the shuttlecraft to get someone aboard there? Why the shuttlecraft? Can he just beam over?

(CONTINUED)



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WOLF

I suppose he could, sir. But  
the Admiral's a rather remarkable  
man.

INT., ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR - ANGLE AT INTERSECTION

DATA'S VOICE

*But, sir, the transporter  
could have you*  
~~you~~ on the Hood in a matter of  
seconds, Admiral.

Data and the Admiral ENTER SCENE at the intersection. The Admiral  
is very old with an almost transparent look.

DATA

(continuing)

*I thought you should*  
At your age, sir, you should  
not have to put up with the time  
and trouble of a shuttlecraft.

*No sir.  
But at*  
The Admiral stops. Facing Data, he draws himself up as straight as  
he can. His voice is crotchety and trembly -- and fiercely  
stubborn.

ADMIRAL

My age? Hold it right there,  
boy, what about my age?

DATA

Sorry, sir. If that subject  
troubles you...

ADMIRAL

Troubles me? What's so damned  
troubling about not having died?  
How old do you think I am?

DATA

One hundred forty-seven years,  
Admiral. According to Starfleet  
records.

ADMIRAL

Explain how you remember that  
*so exactly.*

DATA

*I remember every FACT  
I'm exposed to, sir.*

AM

CONTINUED:

The Admiral peers at him closely, scowling.

~~MCCOY~~ ADMIRAL

I don't see any points on your ears, boy, but you sound like a Vulcan.

DATA

No, sir. I am an android.

~~MCCOY~~ ADMIRAL

(snorts)

Musta been built by Vulcans then.

ALMOST AS BAD.

DATA

(at a loss, but still respectful)

No, sir. But if I had been, I am sure my programming would have been of premium quality. I have been assured Vulcans are an ADVANCED brilliant and most honorable race.

The Admiral stares at him a moment, his severe blue eyes gentling and his feisty scowl fading. He pats Data's sleeve and nods slightly.

~~MCCOY~~ Adm

They are, boy. They are.

(frown is back)

Well, let's get on with it. The shuttle bay now -- not that damned transporter room. You got that?

DATA

Yes, sir. Of course.

As they move away, Data gently assisting the old man:

~~MCCOY~~ Adm

This is a new ship, boy, but she's got the right name. Remember that.

DATA

I will, sir.

~~MCCOY~~ Adm

You treat her like a lady.

(beat, quietly)

She'll always bring you home...

FADE OUT.



EXT. SPACE - (OPTICAL)  
Both the Enterprise and the Hood in orbit close  
together. CAMERA ANGLE shows how much larger  
the Enterprise is.

57.

PART FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. SICKBAY

As DOCTOR ASENZI, leads Beverly Crusher into SCENE.  
He will be Beverly's assistant, and he has been showing  
her the appointments of the vessel's medical facilities.  
Both he and Beverly are wearing medical "blue" -- or  
whatever color Science personnel are going to be  
assigned. He steps toward a LARGE VIEWSCREEN with  
complex controls. which →

ASENZI

... And of course, the status of  
all your medical facilities...  
(turns on viewer)  
... are constantly monitored here.

The VIEWER has come on, showing read-outs indicative  
of the status of the ship's medical facilities.

BEVERLY

(interrupting)

Computer, show me the results of  
Captain Picard's most recent  
physical examination.

The screen promptly BEGINS TO FLASH UP PRINTED  
INFORMATION, followed by X-Ray type shots, etc. Beverly  
studies it for awhile.

PICARD'S VOICE

Already at work, Doctor?

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Beverly turns to find Captain Picard ENTERING. She nods in  
answer to his question.

BEVERLY

As a matter of fact, yes.  
(unhurriedly to  
computer)

Cancel. SCREEN OFF.

Yes, on a subject that's  
VERY IMPORTANT TO THE  
MISSION, CAPTAIN.

The screen GOES DARK. Beverly turns to Asenzi, smiles  
pleasantly.

PICARD

I wanted to say 'Welcome aboard.'  
I was told Asenzi here was giving  
you the grand tour...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

... And it is the most impressive medical arrangement I have ever seen, Captain.

(to Asenzi)

We'll continue this later?

ASENZI

Of course.

Asenzi EXITS.

CLOSER ANGLE - BEVERLY AND PICARD

As if they're appraising each other, then:

PICARD

*And* I thought I should talk to you *very* personally about your assignment here.

BEVERLY

As you wish, Captain.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

*As Beverly nods, waits for him to continue.*  
Silence between the two. Then:

PICARD

*(CONTINUING)*  
I wanted you to know I protested your posting to the Enterprise.

BEVERLY

Oh? *Am I* unqualified?

PICARD

Hardly. Your service record shows you exactly the kind of CMO I'd want.

BEVERLY

Then you must object to me personally. Has it to do with our last meeting?

PICARD

I'm trying to be considerate of your feelings, Doctor Crusher. For you to serve with a commanding officer who would continually remind you of such a terrible personal tragedy...

(CONTINUED)



*It is clear that Picard wanted to say more but she has neatly blocked any further conversation*

PICARD

*(uncomfortably)*

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*Well... as I said, 'welcome aboard!'*

CONTINUED:

*She doesn't respond further and he has no choice but to turn and exit.*

BEVERLY

*(annoyed; snaps)*

If I had any objections to serving with you, I wouldn't have requested this assignment, Captain.

PICARD

You requested this posting?

He turns to exit. Beverly stirs, and her next words stop him.

BEVERLY

Captain. My feelings about my husband's death will have no effect on the way I serve you, this vessel, or this mission.

Picard gives it a moment's thought, *extends his hand.* then nods, *and exits.*

PICARD

*Then, welcome aboard, Doctor. I'm pleased to have you here.*  
I understand, Doctor. You do have feelings about your loss and any part I played in it, but you're putting all that behind you now.

*Beverly allows only a perfunctory handshake.*

BEVERLY

Exactly, Captain. *Thank you. And now, if I can return to my duties...*

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND HOOD IN ORBIT

*(OPTICAL)*

*AGAIN,* EMPHASIZING the considerable difference in the sizes of the two starships *AS* The planet looms below. We can SEE that the USS Hood is PULLING AWAY, LEAVING ORBIT.

INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON RIKER

He is standing before the huge viewscreen. Behind him is the young Klingon, Worf, at the conn position with the rest of the bridge stations only nominally manned. Set in geosynchronous orbit over the planet, the Enterprise requires minimal monitoring at this time.

ANGLE ON TURBOLIFT DOORS

They OPEN, and Picard steps out onto the bridge.

PICARD

Have you signaled the Hood, Mr. Riker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIKER  
(nods)  
Your exact message.  
(in French)  
Bon voyage mon ami. Aye, sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER

as Picard smiles and steps toward it.

PICARD  
And what was my answer, computer?

MAIN VIEWER FLICKERS, then startles us with an ugly FLASH OF LIGHT that becomes an IMAGE OF "Q" (JUDGE) who is in LIMBO, but looking directly at Picard. His VOICE BOOMS LOUDLY, annoyed in tone:

"Q" (JUDGE)  
DO YOU EXPECT ME TO WAIT PATIENTLY  
THROUGH ALL THIS NONSENSE? X

Picard is as startled as Riker. The young Klingon, Worf, comes tumbling out of the conn position, drawing his phaser and interrupting himself between Picard and the threatening "Q" image.

PICARD  
Do you intend to blast a hole  
through the viewer, Lieutenant?

Worf apologetically puts his viewer away, lets Picard wave him aside.

"Q" (THE JUDGE)  
OR DID YOU THINK I WAS GONE?

(CUTTER INK) PICARD  
If the purpose of this is to test  
human worth, your honor, you must  
let us proceed in a normal human  
way.

"Q" (THE JUDGE) — You have twenty-four hours.  
YOU ARE DILATORY! ANY FURTHER  
DELAY AND YOU RISK SUMMARY  
JUDGEMENT AGAINST YOU, CAPTAIN.

(all caps)

A FLASH OF LIGHT and the main viewer returns to an image of the planet below.



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PART SIX

FADE IN:

*EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL)*

The Enterprise in orbit of planet Cygnus IV.

PICARD V.O. *twenty-four*  
 Captain's log, stardate 42372.5.  
 Of the ~~24~~ hours "Q" allotted us to  
 prove ourselves...

INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

Minimum bridge crew on duty.

PICARD V.O.

...eleven of them have now passed *without incident.*  
 routinely and pleasantly. And yet *I CANNOT FORGET*  
 I find it impossible to believe that *we will escape "Q's" prediction*  
 "Q" exaggerated the difficulties *that we will face here something more:*  
 awaiting us here. *CRITICAL TEST OF HUMAN WORTH.*

INT. BRIDGE READY ROOM

Picard and Riker comparing notes.

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## ANOTHER ANGLE

WORF

Sorry, sir...

RIKER

No criticism. You reacted fast...

PICARD

... but in a completely useless way.

WORF

I'll learn to do better, sir.

PICARD

Of course you will. We've a long voyage ahead of us.

Picard dismisses Worf with a <sup>Flicker of a</sup> partial smile which takes the sting out of what he <sup>JUST</sup> said.

RIKER

(lowers voice)

Hope you're right, sir. About the long voyage ahead.

Picard looks to main viewer as if checking that "Q" is truly gone.

PICARD

I hope so too.

RIKER

What do we do, sir? With them monitoring every move, every word...

PICARD

S.O.P., Mister Riker.

RIKER

Standard Operating Procedures?

PICARD

(nods)

We do exactly what we'd do if this "Q" never existed. If we're going to be damned, let's be damned for what we really are.

Riker is suddenly very pleased with this captain. He nods emphatically.

FADE OUT.



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RIKER

This planet's interior heat results in abundant geothermal energy, sir. But it's about all this world does offer.

PICARD

And it's your belief that this is what made it possible for them to construct this base to Starfleet standards?

RIKER

Yes sir. We have to assume that they've been trading their surplus energy for the construction materials used here. According to our ship's scans, many of the materials used are not found on this world.

PICARD

(smiles)

Perhaps it's like those incidents you describe in your report as "almost magical" attempts to please us.

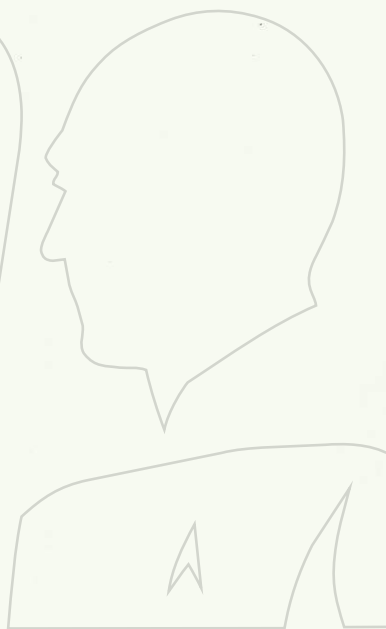
RIKER

Those events did happen, sir.

PICARD

And in time we'll discover the explanation. Meanwhile, none of it suggests anything threatening. If only every life form had as much desire to please Starfleet.  
(stands)

Ready to beam down? I'm looking forward to meeting this Groppler Zorn.



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Picard is leading Riker to the cabin door.

RIKER

I'm convinced there's more to it  
than just "pleasing us", sir.

PICARD

(as they EXIT)

Like something "Q" is doing to  
trick us?

INT. BRIDGE

As Picard and Riker enter from the adjoining Ready Room. Troi is  
just arriving in the turbolift and Picard calls to her.

PICARD

Over here, Counselor!

(to Riker)

I've asked her to join us ~~join~~  
in this meeting.

(indicating)

May I introduce our new First  
Officer, Commander William Riker.

~~Me~~ Riker, our ship's counselor  
Deanna Troi.

TWO SHOT - RIKER AND TROI

He's obviously stunned to find her here, although she isn't at all  
surprised.

~~TROI'S VOICE OVER~~

(carrying her thoughts)

Do you remember what I taught  
you, Izmadi? Can you still  
sense my thoughts.

Then, she holds out her hand formally.

TROI

A pleasure, Commander.

RIKER

(nervously)

*I, ah... likewise, Counselor.*



ANGLE INCLUDING PICARD

Studying the two of them with some curiosity now.

PICARD

(to Riker)

Have the two of you met before?

RIKER

(CROAKS it)

We...we have, sir.

PICARD

Excellent. *I consider it* its important that  
our key officers know each other's abilities.  
other's strengths, limitations,  
abilities...

TROI

And fortunately we do, sir; we  
do.

Meanwhile, Picard has indicated the turbolift and is leading them  
toward it.

EMPHASIZING TROI

As she looks back toward Riker serenely.

TROI'S VOICE ~~OVER~~

(her thoughts)

I, too, would never say goodbye,  
Izmadi.

EXT. FARPOINT STATION

(SFX)

ESTABLISHING SHOT as:

PICARD'S VOICE

My crew and I need a bit  
more information...

INT. ZORN'S OFFICE

Where Zorn sits behind his desk, his posture and attitude indicating

G4A

some nervousness. Seated facing him are Picard, Riker, and Troi. We see that Zorn's attention is on Troi.



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PICARD

(continuing)

...before we make our  
recommendations to Starfleet.

ZORN

No objections to that, ~~of~~  
~~course~~, but...

(eyeing Troi again)

...but I'm puzzled over your  
bringing ~~your~~ a Betazed along. *to this,*  
If her purpose here is to  
probe my thoughts, sir...

TROI

I can sense only strong emotions,  
Groppler. I am only half Betazed;  
my father was a Starfleet officer.

ZORN

I have nothing to hide, of course...

PICARD

Good, since we admire what we've seen  
of your construction techniques.  
Starfleet may be interested in your  
constructing starbases elsewhere too.

*space* — ANGLE EMPHASIZING TROI

As her expression begins to indicate an awareness of something  
distressing, *space*  
something painful. During which:

ZORN

Unfortunately, Captain, we are not  
interested in building other facilities.

*space* — ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD AND RIKER

This stumps Picard for a moment, during which:

*Note removed.*



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RIKER

If I may, Captain...

(gets a nod)

Then a trade, Groppler? The loan  
of a few architects and engineers  
to demonstrate your techniques.

WHO CAN

Some things you need  
in return for

EMPHASIZING ZORN

Upset, interrupting: overlapping.

ZORN

We Bandi do not wish to leave our  
home world. If Starfleet cannot  
accept that small weakness, then  
we will be forced, unhappily, to  
seek an alliance with someone like  
the Ferengis Confederacy or...

? Alliance?

Zorn interrupted by a small GROAN coming from Troi. Her eyes are  
now closed over a strong distress she's sensing.

VARIOUS OTHER ANGLES

As appropriate.

PICARD

Counselor...? What is it?

TROI

(Glances toward Zorn)

Do you want it described here, sir?

PICARD

(with a look to Zorn)

Yes! No secrets here if we're  
all to be friends.

(to Zorn)

Agreed, Groppler?

ZORN

We ourselves have nothing to  
hide, but...

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TROI

(another GROAN, grimacing)  
Pain, sir .. pain, loneliness,  
terrible loneliness, despair...  
(indicates Zorn)

~~It's not~~ him, sir. Or, any of  
his people ... but it's very  
close to us here.

PICARD

(to Zorn, demandingly)

Do you have any idea ~~what this~~  
is about?!

ZORN

No!

(stands)

No, absolutely not. And  
I find nothing helpful or  
productive in any of this!

PICARD

(stands, too) ~~TO ZORN~~

No other comment?

ZORN

What do you expect from us. We  
offer a base designed to your needs,  
luxurious even by human standards...

Riker and Troi come to their feet too as Picard interrupts.

PICARD

...while refusing to answer even  
our simplest questions about it.

(to Riker)

We'll adjourn ~~this time~~...

(to Zorn)

...while we all reconsider  
our positions.

The three ~~cross~~ toward the exit.

ZORN

Captain, the Ferengi would be  
very interested in a base like this.

PICARD

Fine. I hope they find you as  
tasty as ~~they have~~ other past  
associates. *Their*

Picard and his people EXIT.

EXT. SPACE *(OPTICAL)*

The U.S.S. Enterprise still in orbit over Cygnus IV.

INT. HOLODECK CORRIDOR

Riker moving as if seeking someone. He intercepts a YOUNG ENSIGN  
who is passing and the junior officer sees Riker's emblem of rank  
and snaps to attention.

RIKER

Ensign, can you ~~tell~~ *help* me where  
~~to~~ find Commander Data? I was  
told he's somewhere on this deck.

YOUNG ENSIGN

~~Yes sir!~~ *That way, sir.*

ANGLE AT CORRIDOR WALL

As the Ensign steps to a black surface on the corridor wall.

YOUNG ENSIGN

You must be new to the <sup>se</sup> galaxy  
class starships, sir.

(puts hand on the  
black surface, saying)

Tell me the location of Commander  
Data.

At the touch and the words "Tell me" the black surface Comes alive with light patterns showing appropriate information.

COMPUTER VOICE *DATA ... NOW*  
Lieutenant Commander ~~is presently~~  
located in Holodeck area 4-J.

YOUNG ENSIGN  
(indicating readout)  
And as you see, sir, it's pointing  
you this way.

RIKER *That*  
Go ~~this way?~~ How far?

YOUNG ENSIGN  
(smiles)  
You'll know, sir.

*PO LIPS A THANKS,*  
Riker goes in the indicated direction, while:

~~RIKER~~  
~~Thank you, Ensign.~~

PANNING RIKER  
Moving off in the indicated direction. Then the black surface there comes alive with a FLASHING DIRECTION SIGNAL.

COMPUTER VOICE *THE NEXT*  
This way, please. ~~Nine more paces~~  
~~to the hatchway on your right.~~

RIKER  
(responding automatically)  
Thank you...

COMPUTER VOICE  
You're more than welcome, Commander  
Riker.

Which startles him a bit but he walks *ON AND* ~~the indicated nine steps~~ and turns right at a sophisticated looking Holodeck Hatchway.



EXT. PARKLAND

*WILD SECTION OF*  
*th PARKLAND*  
Hidden at this moment by a CORRIDOR HATCHWAY WALL AND HATCHWAY SECTION which, in a few moments, will REVEAL PARKLAND, in a few moments when the hatch is opened. *when the hatch is opened,*

COMPUTER VOICE

(continuing without delay)

And if you care to enter, Commander... *(LOCATION),*

RIKER

(snaps; interrupting)

I do.

*THE*  
Immediately, the hatch slides open and we SEE ~~OUR LOCATION~~ PARKLAND. It looks (and is) real, including land contours, trees, and even a small stream nearby. Beyond that the parkland stretches off for what appears to be miles and miles, ending in what appears to be the distant infinity. *AWAY TO THE HORIZON.*

ANGLE BACK TOWARD HATCHWAY

As Riker ENTERS through it and stands inspecting the Parkland scene with genuine appreciation and then HEARS SOMEONE WHISTLING A MELODY, but doing it rather badly and laboriously.

ANGLE PAST RIKER INTO PARKLAND

As he MOVES AWAY, seeking the source of the WHISTLING which will begin to grow LOUDER now.

ANGLE AT STREAM

As Riker crosses, stepping from rock to rock.

*He makes a misstep, almost falls, then recovers and gets across. He looks back at the stone which caused it.*

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CLOSER ON RIKER

The WHISTLING <sup>is</sup> nearby now. He stops, calls:

~~As he waits, the~~  
RIKER

Hello!

The WHISTLING has continued without pause, and Riker cocks his ear, ~~compares~~ gets the direction of it and bends his path toward it. ~~his direction slightly~~

EXT. WOODLAND GLEN

~~Where Riker comes through the shrubbery and stops short at the sight of:~~ ENTERS SHOT THROUGH  
SEES SOMETHING

ANGLE ON DATA

Lying there, cushioned by deep grass. He's totally absorbed in the melody <sup>Notes</sup> he's attempting -- and keeps missing. ~~the~~ CAPTAIN

PANNING RIKER

Moving into TWO SHOT where he stops, and WHISTLES the same melody, hitting the correct notes. A startled Data looks up blankly, then comes quickly to his feet, but Riker waves him back down, sits beside him.

DATA

~~It's~~ marvelous how easily humans do that, sir. I'm afraid I'll need much <sup>I, STILL</sup> considerable practice.

RIKER

There are some puzzles down on the planet that Captain Picard wants answered. He suggests I put you on the Away Team I'll be using.

DATA

I shall endeavor to give satisfaction, sir.

RIKER, ACTIVE UNCOMFORTABLE, AVOIDS THE SUBJECT. He hesitates, then;

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Riker hesitates, wanting to say something but not sure how to begin.

RIKER

Uh, yes. <sup>And</sup> Well, when the Captain suggested you I, uh, looked up your record...  
(hesitates)

DATA

Yes sir, a <sup>wise</sup> recommended procedure. <sup>Always</sup>

RIKER

<sup>Your</sup> Well, I knew you had the rank of Lieutenant Commander, which I assume now must be honorary.

DATA

No, sir. Starfleet Class of '78; honors in quaquantum math <sup>emath</sup> and exobiology. <sup>set</sup>

RIKER

But your files ...they say you're a...

DATA

(waits, then)

Machine? Yes, sir, entirely correct, sir.  
Does that trouble you?

RIKER

(hesitates)

To be honest... Yes, a little.

DATA

Understood, sir. <sup>Prejudice</sup>  
is very human.

RIKER

Now that troubles me. Do you consider yourself superior to us?

DATA

I am superior in many ways. But I would gladly give it up to be human.

FADE OUT;

RIKER  
(studies DATA then) pinocchio  
Pinocchio,

Nice to meet you,

DATA seems confused by this.

RIKER  
(continues, explains)

A joke.

Ah! DATA (straight faced)  
INTERVIEWING.

RIKER  
(big grin)  
You are going to be an  
interesting DATA.  
COMPANION.



FADE IN!

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## EXT. PARKLAND - RIKER AND DATA

We HEAR VOICES (Wes and Markham) and Riker gets to his feet, looks off in that direction.

RIKER

Someone's using your holopattern too.

DATA This pattern is quite popular, sir. Perhaps because it duplicates Earth so well, *coming here, it...* so accurately... which is what brings me here often. It...

(hesitates; then almost apologetically)

...it makes me feel as if I'm human too.

(indicates)

Would you like to see where the pattern ends, sir?

EXT. PARKLAND AT STREAM

Data leading the way, then indicates.

DATA

The rear wall.

RIKER

How far? *(peers)* I can't see it.

DATA

You will.

PANNING RIKER TOWARD US

He's squinting hard now. Then he stops, reacts at something he can now make out.

RIKER

The blend is incredible!

RIKER

*(staring at all in)*

*I didn't believe there could be so real.*

DATA

*Much better is real, sir. If the transparent mean doesn't bodies energy, brain, then back to the original pattern. Again...*

RIKER

*Yes, of course.*

*(indicating)*  
*And all these have much simpler patterns.*

INT. STAGE HOLODECK - ANGLE PAST RIKER

As he hurries toward where we can now ~~SEE~~ <sup>blend with the</sup> the holodeck wall (REAR PROJECTION SCREEN) on which we can ~~see~~ <sup>now</sup> that the PARKLAND soil, rocks and vegetation give way to a wall IMAGE. Astonished, Riker backs away from this, squinting again.

EXT. REAL PARKLAND - RIKER'S P.O.V.

Where, of course, the wall blend is no longer visible.

WESLEY'S VOICE

(calling)

Mister Riker, isn't this great?

MEDIUM ON RIKER

Turning, then grinning, waving.

RIKER'S POV - THE ROCK CROSSING AT STREAM

Where Wes Crusher is hurring toward us, bouncing from rock to rock.

WESLEY

This is one of the simple patterns, <sup>more</sup> ~~Mister Riker~~. They've got thousands, some you just can't believe.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE RIKER AND DATA

Moving down to the stream.

RIKER

Careful, that next rock is loose...!

WIDER ANGLE

As that rock moves underfoot, tumbling Wes into the stream.

PANNING DATA IN, demonstrating his enormous strength as he easily lifts Wesley completely out of the water. An amazed Wesley looks ~~At~~ <sup>over</sup> Data.

WESLEY

Wow!



EXT. PARKLAND - ANGLE ON WILD HATCHWAY AND CORRIDOR SECTION

As the hatchway smoothly SLIDES OPEN AGAIN. Through it is REVEALED THE PARKLAND, through which Riker, data, and a very wet Wesley make their way to the HATCHWAY. As they MOVE THRU HATCHWAY, the bulkhead BEGINS CLOSING.

INT. HOLODECK CORRIDER - ANGLE ON CAPTAIN PICARD

The Captain walking with a Senior Officer when he sees Riker and the others. He motions the Senior Officer to continue on by himself, stops and waits.

VARIOUS ANGLES - AS APPRIATE

As Riker, Data, and Wes move INTO SHOT with Picard. Wes is instantly aware that his soaked clothing is dripping water onto the starship deck. He'd like to remove himself, <sup>he</sup> knows that Picard has seen him ~~and~~ puddle forming on the deck. *already*

RIKER

~~Captain~~, Mister Data has agreed to join my Away Team, *CAPTAIN.*

PICARD

(with another glance toward Wes's puddle)  
Very good.

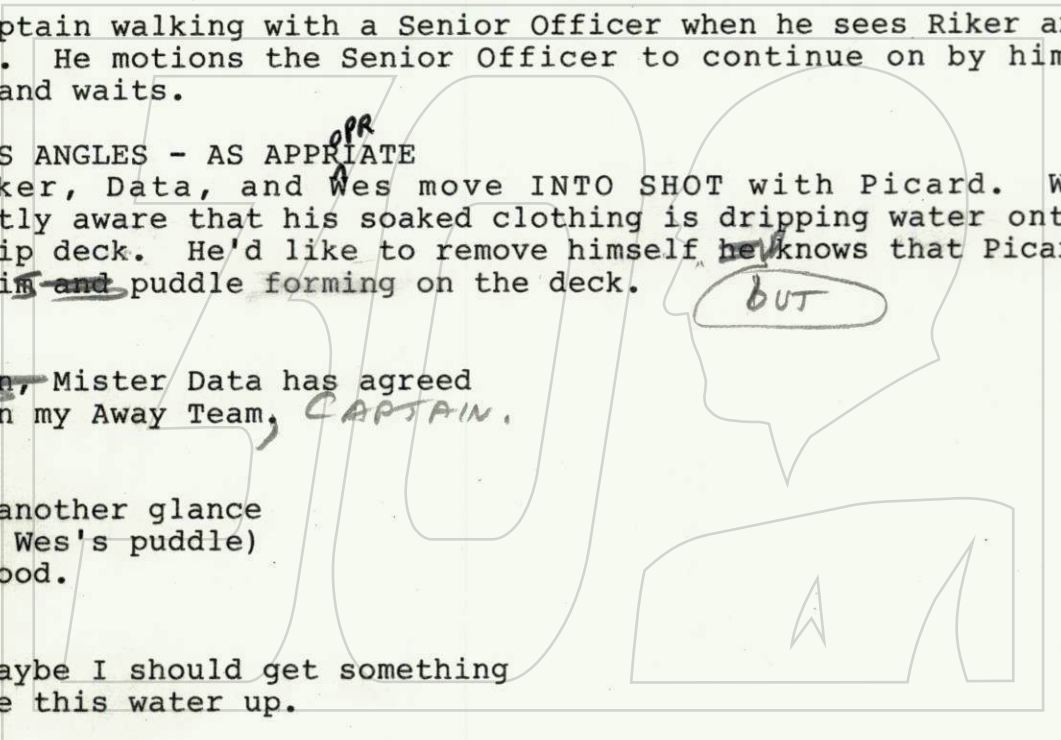
WES

Sir, maybe I should get something to wipe this water up.

PICARD

(cooly)  
Good idea.

Picard turns and EXITS.



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## ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING PICARD AND WESLEY

Picard has half his attention on the growing puddle around Wesley's feet -- and Wesley is aware of it too, using a bare foot in trying to brush the water out of sight behind him. Picard doesn't say anything to Wesley about this (his expression does it for him). Picard turns back to Geordi.

~~GEORDI PICARD~~

You're beaming down on an away mission with Commander Riker. He says he needs your 'eyes'.

*RB Quarters  
Have Picard in  
the scene for  
another reason*

Picard turns abruptly away, begins EXITING. Tasha has only time to give Wesley and the others a sympathetic look as she follows the Captain OUT OF SHOT.

## INT. SICKBAY - BEVERLY AND WESLEY

*is wiping himself dry now.*  
Wesley is still dripping some water, this time over the ~~clean sickbay floor~~. He is enthusiastically trying to explain his adventures.

WESLEY

-- and there's a low gravity gymnasium, too. Later I'm going to the animal deck. The guys say you can't tell Sandrian Marsh Boars from real ones.

*It would be hard to get bored on this ship.*

~~BEVERLY~~

Are you going to explain how you got so wet?

WESLEY

I couldn't help it, Mom. The holodeck ocean was real water.

Using his clothing top he begins wiping up the small puddle. Beverly moves to prevent his soiling this too, then with a small mother's smile decides to let this go.

## CLOSER TWO SHOT - BEVERLY AND WESLEY

As he wipes, he's been turning something over in his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY

Mom...

(beat)

... ~~some time~~ when the Captain  
 isn't there, could you get me a  
 look at the bridge?

BEVERLY

That's against the Captain's  
 standing orders.

WESLEY

Are you afraid of the Captain,  
 too?

BEVERLY

I certainly am not!

WESLEY

But Captain Picard is a pain,  
 isn't he?

BEVERLY

Wouldn't it be wiser to get to  
 know him before we decided that?

WESLEY

Just a look, Mom. I could stand  
 in the turbolift and peek in when  
 the doors open. I wouldn't get  
 off. I promise.

BEVERLY

You're looking for trouble, Wes.

He shuts up. Beverly looks at him and can't ignore the  
 very real want in his eyes.

BEVERLY

(continuing)

Let's see what we can do.

On Wes's delighted grin:

CUT TO:

EXT. FARPOINT STATION/CITY - DAY - EMPHASIZING STATION  
 (SPEC. FX)

TO ESTABLISH our location.

*Wesley wants to  
 take P.D. to  
 Emma's house*

*Your father liked  
 him very much.  
 Great explorers  
 are often lonely,  
 and have no chance  
 to have a family*

*At the bridge,*



## INT. STATION SHOPPING AREA - DAY ON AWAY TEAM

Which is made up of Riker, Data, Troi, Tasha and Geordi. There are a number of people in the mall area, some in identifiable Enterprise-type uniforms. The others are in various civilian clothes. They are taking in the Bandi shops, booths, food and drink offered by Bandi vendors.

*Under side of the station*  
TASHA *that someone could*

Recommend we begin by examining the lower station, sir. Sometimes looking at the underside gives you a better understanding of the top.

TROI

Our sensors do show some passages down there, sir. Want to have a look? *Perhaps you and I?*

Troi glances at Riker with just a shade of archness, perhaps the lift of an eyebrow. Riker glances away, still show how troubled he is by her presence. Troi takes the hint and turns away to Tasha.

TROI

Shall we, Lieutenant? *Tasha, Riker, you and the Counselor.*

Troi and Tasha move off. Riker turns to Geordi.

RIKER

Lieutenant LaForge? *Let's us start with the topside. Have you noticed anything unusual?*

GEORDI

Sir, I still don't understand exactly what I'm looking for.

DATA

Let's start with the construction of this station, Mr. LaForge. Are these materials what they appear to be? *Riker and the others move out of scene, examining everything they pass.*

INT. ANOTHER STATION AREA

CLOSE ON GEORDI

as he looks around the area, moving his head slowly and carefully scanning. *He shakes his head.*

*THW*  
RIKER'S VOICE

Anything at all unusual?

DISSOLVE TO:



~~THREE SHOT~~

Geordi looks back at Riker and Data, shaking his head.

GEORDI

Well, I can't see through solid matter, sir, but the surface material's very routine for a space station like this.

DATA

The station's computer records show it as exactly the same material that Starfleet uses. With one exception...Those records show no provision for the usual underground service tunnels.

RIKER

...But aren't they necessary in this kind of space station construction?

DATA

I would say so, sir.

Riker reaches to his insignia, turning on his communicator.

RIKER

Riker to Tasha, Troi, come in!

We milk the next few moments, Riker growing apprehensive. Then, finally,

TASHA'S VOICE

(from communicator)

Go ahead, Team Leader. We read you.

There is a visible relief on Riker's face.

RIKER

What have you got down there? Describe.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY

Not at all what one would expect of a 'service tunnel', if this is indeed that. These are smooth, rounded, glistening walls whose GLOW lights up the entire passageway. (We'll see something similar later on a mystery vessel). Tasha is activating her communicator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*IN A PASSAGEWAY*  
 TASHA  
 We're directly under the ~~space~~ *THE TUNNEL WALLS*  
 station sir, but it's nothing like ~~we expected to see.~~ *here ARE MADE FROM*  
 Rounded, *SOMETHING WE'VE*  
 smooth, glowing walls, not any *NEVER SEEN BEFORE.*  
 kind of material we recognize.

*AND* RIKER'S VOICE  
 Troi, have you sensed anything there?

Troi appears reluctant as she activates her communicator.

*RIKER I'M SORRY BUT YOU MUST NEED MORE INFORMATION*  
*WE* TROI  
 No, sir, I haven't yet opened my mind but I'll try now to...

*Sir, I've avoided opening my mind. Whatever I sensed in the Grogglen's OFFICE became very PAINFUL*  
 Troi's face suddenly contorts in agony and a SMALL SCREAM ESCAPES. She sinks to her knees, Tasha hurrying in to support her.

*COMPLIES... THEN* TROI  
 (continuing)  
 No, no ~~it hurts so.~~ Such pain... pain, pain..

RIKER'S VOICE  
 (overlapping)  
 Hang on, I'm coming... Enterprise, lock onto her signal!

Tasha has her arm around Troi, whispering words of comfort.

*ANOTHER*  
 OPTICAL EFFECTS ANGLE

*(OPTICAL)*  
 After a moment, the familiar TRANSPORTER SOUND BEGINS. Riker, Data, and Geordi BEAM IN, SOLIDIFY. Then Riker hurries over to Troi while Data and Geordi examine their surroundings with great curiosity.

ANGLE ON TROI

Riker helping her very tenderly:

*I'M SORRY* RIKER  
 Close your mind off from it, *AGAIN...*  
 Darling...

This has gotten him a surprised glance from Tasha.  
Meanwhile:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TROI

Oh, the unhappiness... the  
despair... oh, the terrible  
loneliness...

(patting Riker's hand)

... the loneliness is the worst  
of it, Imzadi...

RIKER

Who is feeling all that, my...  
(bites it off)

TROI

I don't know! *NOT ANY LIFE  
FORM LIKE US.*

Riker is looking around, then: *At the glowing  
walls,*

RIKER

What in the hell kind of place  
is this?

(turning)

Geordi, what do you see?

Geordi has been inspecting the wall closely. He shakes  
his head.

GEORDI

*IT'S OF NO*  
I don't recognize the material, *I recognize,*  
sir. I supposed it's something  
the Bandi built for their own  
purpose.

*Don't have even heard of.*

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE ~~(REDACTED)~~ (OPTICAL)

As before, in geosynchronous orbit.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - ANGLE ON PICARD

in the captain's chair. The bridge is nominally manned  
at this time. We will see Worf at the ops panel.  
Picard glances around as the SOUND OF THE TURBOLIFT  
DOORS OPENING COMES OVER, and he freezes.

PICARD'S P.O.V. - BEVERLY AND WESLEY

standing just inside the turbolift door. Beverly is  
uncomfortable; Wes is all eyes, taking in as much as  
he possibly can in this one limited look at his dream  
place. Beverly starts to step out, gesturing to Wes  
to stay in the turbolift.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BEVERLY  
Permission to report to the  
Captain...

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDING PICARD, BEVERLY

PICARD  
(coolly)  
Children are not allowed on the  
bridge, Doctor.

BEVERLY  
Captain, my son is not on the  
bridge. He merely accompanied  
me on the turbolift.

PICARD  
Your son?

BEVERLY  
His name's Wesley.  
(turns to Wes)  
What did I tell you?

*SAW YOU LAST HIM YEARS AGO WHEN...*  
*SH TRAILS HIS WORDS. PICARD UNDERSTANDS*  
~~Wesley moves reluctantly toward the turbolift control  
to close the doors.~~

~~CLOSE ON PICARD~~

*PICARD*  
*Oh, then.*  
~~He's been thinking about it, glances at Beverly now,  
clears his throat.~~

PICARD *(CONTINUING)*  
Well -- as long as he's here...

WIDER - INCLUDING WESLEY, BEVERLY, PICARD

~~Wesley immediately stops the doors from closing, looks  
back hopefully. Beverly waits for it. Picard shrugs,  
tries to make it light.~~ *TO PICARD*

*TO SOUND FRIENDLY. THEN*  
PICARD *Wesley*  
I knew your father, son. Want  
a look at this? *AROUND?*

Wesley is out like a shot.

PICARD  
(continuing)  
But don't touch anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wes is in awe. To him, this is the equivalent of a devout Catholic stepping into the nave of St. Peter's Basilica. The turbolift is on the level of the "horseshoe", so the command positions are spread below him. Picard moves down to the captain's chair level, Wes moving with him. He is careful to put his feet down just right so he doesn't even scuff the floor. Picard watches, steps aside to gesture toward the command chair.

PICARD

(continuing)

Try it out.

(as Wes does so)

The panel on your right is for log entries, library-computer access and retrieval, viewscreen control, intercoms, and so on.

WESLEY

(nodding; pointing)

Yes sir. On here the backup conn and ops panels, plus armament and shield controls.

Picard glances at Beverly, then back at Wes, perplexed.

PICARD

The forward viewscreen is controlled by the ops position...

WESLEY

Yes sir, which uses high resolution, multi-spectral imaging sensor systems...

PICARD

How the hell do you know that, boy?

Before Beverly or Wes can reply, a VERY DISTINCTIVE SIGNAL (Captain's comm signal) goes off on the command chair right-hand panel. Wes casually, instinctively keys the correct control to cut the signal into audio as:

SECURITY VOICE

Perimeter alert, Captain!

Wesley is instantly embarrassed; Beverly is mortified; Picard is angry.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

WES

~~BEVERLY~~

*BEVERLY*

I'm sorry. I didn't mean Wes! You shouldn't  
to... I just knew how is all... have touched anything...

PICARD

Off the bridge! Both of you.

Worf has come to his feet, not sure whether or not he should respond to the call. Beverly is hustling Wesley toward the turbolift.

WORF

You have a perimeter alert,  
Captain.

BEVERLY

~~That wasn't necessary.~~

*Go Picard*

*As my son tried to tell you!*

She EXITS into the turbolift, the doors CLOSING behind her and Wesley. Picard, slamming his fist into his other palm, jumps for his command chair as:

PICARD

Picard. Go ahead.

SECURITY VOICE

Ship's sensors have detected the presence of a vessel approaching this planet. No ship is scheduled to arrive at this time.

PICARD

Mister Worf, get Mr. Riker, and his team up here! Security, could that be the Hood returning here?

SECURITY VOICE

The vessel does not match the Hood's configuration or tonnage. *I.D. signal*

PICARD

Show me the vessel on the viewscreen.

*Put it on  
MAIN viewer!*

ANGLE ON VIEWSCREEN ~~(SPEC. FX)~~ *(OPTICAL)*

Instantly, the image of a ship is flashed on the screen. It appears big, dark, ominous -- even at far range -- and it is approaching very swiftly.

## ANGLE ON PICARD AND WORF

PICARD  
Identification?

SECURITY VOICE  
Vessel unknown. Configuration  
unknown. <sup>✓</sup> Origin unknown.

PICARD  
Lieutenant Worf, hail the ship. *HAIL IT!*

WORF <sup>his</sup>  
(works the panel)  
Hailing frequency open, sir.  
Automatic i.d. sent with request  
for same. *WOLF TALKS SIR*  
(scans his board)  
No response, sir.

PICARD *phasers AT Ready.*  
Raise all shields, Lieutenant.

WORF  
(works panel)  
Shields up, sir. Full power. *phasers Ready.*

PICARD  
Phasers on standby. *(TURNS TO PICARD)*

WORF  
(more adjustments)  
Phasers on standby, sir. *Could this be that "Q" you mentioned, sir?*

CLOSE ON PICARD

staring at the viewscreen.

ANGLE ON VIEWSCREEN (~~OPTICAL~~)

The ship is closer now -- <sup>COOK'S</sup> more menacing -- and still  
coming fast. <sup>^</sup>

FADE OUT.

*PICARD*  
*I almost hope so, already*  
*Lieutenant. We already*  
*have enough unknowns*  
*handle*



PART EIGHT

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE IN ORBIT OVER PLANET (SPEC. FX)

*The Enterprise in orbit.*  
As before.

INT. BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

All bridge positions are filled now, everyone watching the viewscreen intently.

ANGLE ON VIEWSCREEN (SPEC. FX)

The mystery vessel is swiftly approaching *chose*.

PICARD AND WORF

*CONTINUE* PICARD  
Computer, universal greeting and  
ID requests on all hailing *frequencies.*  
frequency. Get me Groppler Zorn.

There is a BEEP, a pause, then:

ZORN'S VOICE  
This is Zorn, Captain.

INT. ZORN'S OFFICE - DAY - ON ZORN

He is seated at the desk, speaks into a small portable communicator grid shaped to fit the palm of his hand.

*Unidentified* PICARD'S VOICE  
There is a vessel approaching *MOVING INTO ORBIT*  
Farpoint and we can't identify *WITH US.*  
*it.* Do you know anything about  
this? *who it is?*

INTERCUT BETWEEN ZORN AND PICARD AS NEEDED.

ZORN  
There are no ships scheduled to  
arrive until --PICARD  
I asked if you know who it is,  
Groppler. You mentioned the  
Ferengi Alliance to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZORN

(very nervous)

But we have had no dealings with them. It was only a... a thought.

PICARD

Are you sure that's all? Or did you already send out a message for a rendezvous with a Ferengi vessel?

ZORN

No. Captain, I promise you ~~we~~ was an empty threat. I wanted your cooperation. Forgive me --

WORF

The vessel is entering an orbital trajectory. What if it's "Q", sir?

SECURITY POSITION

Captain, it measures half again our size!

WORF

It still won't identify itself.

EXT. SPACE - ANGLE ON MYSTERY VESSEL/ENTERPRISE (SPEC. FX)

The mystery vessel approaches and settles into geosynchronous orbit. It is positioned slightly above and to the side of the Enterprise -- and it is a great deal larger than the Enterprise. Suddenly, A GLOWING PULSE OF LIGHT throbs out from the mystery vessel toward the Enterprise.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - FULL SHOT

The LIGHT GLOWS OVER EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE ON THE BRIDGE. They are startled by it, but no one is hurt. As the GLOW FADES AWAY:

PICARD

Computer, all stations. ~~Damage~~ reports, status reports.

The others are looking at each other, shaking their heads. No problems.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DATA  
WORF~~No apparent damage, sir.~~*I'd guess we were being scanned, sir.*

COMPUTER VOICE

All stations report no damage.  
No casualties. Ship operation  
normal.

SECURITY POSITION

We seem to have been probed by  
that vessel's sensors, sir.

## INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY

Troi is leaning against the strange, smooth and shiny tunnel wall as if still feeling pain. Riker, obviously still concerned for Troi, is examining the strange tunnel walls with the tricorder while Geordi moves his 'eyes' inches away from the surface to examine it closely. Data is testing his communicator and we'll HEAR him trying to get a signal back from the Enterprise.

TASHA

(to Troi)

Pain again?

RIKER

(turning; sharply)

Troi, rest now. You've been at  
it enough!

TROI

No, I may be close to some answer *of some kind,*  
to all this...

DATA

(interrupting)

Commander, something down here  
is shielding our communicators.

TROI

(comes to her feet)

Yes, that's exactly the feeling  
I've been reading. As if someone  
doesn't want us to be in touch  
with our ship.

RIKER

Come on...

(leads the way)

... lets get to the surface.

INT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND MYSTERY VESSEL

The mystery vessel clearly larger than the Enterprise  
and moving near it in orbit.

INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

On which is featured an IMAGE OF MYSTERY VESSEL.

OPERATIONS POSITION

There is no computer record of  
any such vessel, sir. Not even  
close.

SECURITY POSITION

Still no response, sir. We've  
done everything but threaten them.

PICARD

Sensor scans, Mister Worf.

WORF

Our sensor signals seem to just  
bounce off.

(bites off words;  
indicates to viewer)  
Something's happening, sir...

FULL ON MAIN VIEWER

As a beam of something STRIKES DOWNWARD TOWARD THE  
PLANET SURFACE. (It doesn't not look exactly like the  
Enterprise phasers but is the same sort of thing.)

EXT. SPACE - ANGLE ON MYSTERY VESSEL

As another phaser-like BEAM STRIKES DOWN AT THE PLANET.

INT. BRIDGE

Excitement.

ANGLE ON OPS POSITION

WORF

They're firing on Farpoint,  
sir...!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD  
(toward Security  
position)  
Bring phasers and photon torpedoes  
to ready!

WORF  
No, hold it, sir. They're hitting  
the Bandi city, not Farpoint  
Station.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY

Riker and his team racing to where the rounded, smooth  
and shining walls of the tunnel begin to give way to  
a more ordinary looking rectangular corridor of mixed  
stone and tile walls.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING STAIRWAY AHEAD

Riker pulling to a halt in order to examine with  
curiosity the blend where the unknown type tunnel walls  
give way to stone and tile construction similar to what  
we're seen in the old Bandi city. Ahead is a stone  
block stairway leading up to that old city. Geordi has  
hurried in, peering closely at the more familiar kind  
of wall surface.

TROI  
(indicates ahead)  
Those stairs are where Tasha and  
I entered down here, sir.

GEORDI  
At this point, it becomes ordinary  
stone and tile, sir.  
(turns, puzzled)  
But why?

Followed by a LONG RUMBLING EXPLOSION ("PHASER HIT"  
type) WITH THE LONG FLASH OF IT REFLECTING DOWN THE  
STAIRWAY FROM THE UPPER LEVEL AHEAD. As this SOUND  
FADES, then we HEAR A FAINT DISTANT SCREAM which dies  
away too.

TASHA  
My God! Was that a phaser blast?

DATA  
Negative. Although perhaps  
something similar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Again, the SAME KIND OF EXPLOSION SOUND followed by similar LIGHT FLICKERS from the stairway ahead. Riker turns to Troi:

RIKER

You, Tasha, and Geordi will beam up to the ship from here. Now!

(to Data)

Come on, I want to see exactly what's happening.

Riker starts off to the stairway, Data following.

TROI

Don't. If you should be hurt...

A stern look comes over Riker's face as he turns quickly to her:

RIKER

You have your orders, Lieutenant! Carry them out!

TROI

*Yes*  
No sir, I'm sorry, sir.

OPTICAL SHOT

Riker and Data begin climbing the stairway, leaving the CAMERA CENTERED ON TROI, TASHA AND GEORDI. Troi has already reached for her communicator control.

TROI

Enterprise, three to beam up.

After a moment, the familiar TRANSPORTER SOUND, followed by TRANSPORTER EFFECT ON THE THREE DISSOLVING INTO THE LIGHT SPARKLE. Then, they're gone.

INT. COVERED VILLAGE SQUARE - OPTICAL ANGLE

OLD CITY IN IN B.G. where FIRE RAGES in a smashed structure in that part of the old city we can see. In CLOSER FOREGROUND is an entrance to the underground passageway, this entry guarded by thick, hand-worked metal door, locked. This village square is a connecting point between the Old City and Farpoint Station. A short distance in the OFF-CAMERA DIRECTION lies Farpoint Mall.



## OPTICAL ANGLE - THE METAL DOORS

We HEAR a hand phaser HUM as a GLOW FLICKERS OVER THE METAL DOORS which now spring open and a CLASHING OF METAL SOUND. Riker and Data ENTER SCENE though those door, phasers in hand.

## CLOSER - RIKER AND DATA

As Riker touches his communicator control.

RIKER

Enterprise, Riker. Come in.

INTERRUPTED BY THE CLOSER SOUND OF ~~SAME KIND OF EXPLOSIVE~~ *A PHASER-LIKE BOLT FROM THE MYSTERY VESSEL.*  
Also from closer, THE LIGHT OF THE BLAST REFLECTS ON THEIR FACES and they whirl to see:

ANGLE INTO OLD CITY

Where a building is being BLASTED INTO STONES AND DUST.

INT. ZORN'S OFFICE - OLD CITY

Filled with the dust and SOUNDS of a nearby BLAST. Zorn is working frantically with his communicator.

ZORN

Enterprise, Enterprise, help us!  
Come in, please...

INT. BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

On MAIN VIEWER THE IMAGE OF THE mystery vessel which as we watch will FIRE ANOTHER PHASER-LIKE BOLT DOWN TOWARD THE PLANET. The bridge crew are anxiously poised on the edge of their seats, waiting for Picard's next order.

ZORN'S VOICE

... what shall we do? Help us,  
please.

PICARD

(overlapping)  
Tune him down!  
(into transmitter)  
Commander Riker, go ahead. Where are you?

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING TURBOLIFT

As the doors SNAP OPEN TO REVEAL TROI, TASHA, AND GEORDI who hurry onto the bridge, take their regular positions (Geordi relieving Ops). Meanwhile:

RIKER'S VOICE

With Data, on the edge of the old city, Captain. It's being hit hard. Who's doing this?

PICARD

And Farpoint Station? Any damage there?

INT. COVERED VILLAGE SQUARE - FARPOINT MALL IN B.G.

No indication that Farpoint Station has been damaged at all. Riker, standing with Data, is using his communicator.

RIKER

Negative on damage to Farpoint, sir. Whoever they are, it seems they're carefully avoiding hitting the station.

PICARD'S VOICE

It's from an unidentified vessel that's entered orbit with us here. No ID, no answer to our signals...

During which there's another BLAST SOUND with the same kind of LIGHT FLICKERS.

ANGLE INCLUDING OLD CITY

As Riker whirls again in that direction, interrupting Picard:

RIKER

They're hitting the Bandi city hard, sir. Many casualties very probable.

INT. BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING PICARD

Everything as we last left it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD  
(into transmitter)  
Understand, Commander. Would you  
object to a clearly illegal  
kidnapping assignment?

RIKER'S VOICE  
No objection; anything you order,  
sir.

PICARD  
Zorn may have the answers we need.  
Get Groppler Zorn and bring him  
here!

RIKER'S VOICE  
Aye, sir!

ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

Picard looks at the IMAGE of the huge mystery vessel  
still in orbit nearby. Picard turns to Troi:

PICARD  
They're forcing a difficult  
decision on me, Counselor.

TROI  
(nods)  
But, I doubt protecting the Bandi  
would violate the Prime Directive.  
True, they are not actual  
allies...

PICARD  
But we are in the midst of  
diplomatic discussions with them.  
(turns to Tasha)  
Lock phasers on that vessel,  
Lieutenant.

OPTICAL ANGLE

In b.g., Tasha touching panel controls.

TASHA  
Phasers locked on, Captain.

Anything further INTERRUPTED BY OPTICAL EFFECT, the  
BLINDING LIGHT FLASH we've seen before and FADING TO  
REVEAL "Q", wearing the Judge's costume from the earlier  
courtroom sequence. He is standing in front of Picard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Q" (JUDGE)  
Typical, so typical. I might have  
expected that order from a savage  
like you!

FADE OUT.



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PART NINE

FADE IN:

EXT. BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING PICARD AND "Q"

Rather than being nervous over the arrival of "Q"  
(JUDGE), Picard has become coldly angry.

PICARD  
Get off my bridge!

SPECIAL EFFECTS ANGLE

"Q" stepping toward Picard, smiling sadly.

"Q" (JUDGE)  
~~Such a sad little species.~~  
~~Capable of anger but not~~  
~~hospitality.~~

(to Tasha)  
Interesting too, that order about  
phasers.

TASHA  
(ignoring "Q"; to  
Picard)  
Still standing by on them,  
Captain.

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(turning to Picard)  
Please don't let me interfere.  
Use your weapons.

PICARD  
You're the one who has a lot to  
learn, "Q". My order was a safety  
precaution since we've no idea  
who is operating that vessel...

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(breaking into LAUGHTER)  
No idea, really? Isn't it as  
plain as...  
(then taps his nose)  
... as plain as the noses on your  
ugly little faces?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUDER LAUGHTER.

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(trying to control it)  
And if you were truly civilized,  
Captain, wouldn't you be doing  
something about the casualties  
on the planet below?

*RE MEMO  
Actually it's  
who is responsible  
For doing nothing  
About this.*

In answer, Picard touches the communications control  
on his uniform.

PICARD  
Captain to C.M.O., are you reading  
any of this?

INT. SICKBAY - ANGLE EMPHASIZING BEVERLY

But she's with Dr. Asenzi too, with a half dozen MEDICAL  
ASSISTANTS very busy preparing medical supplies,  
bringing portable medical equipment, etc.

BEVERLY  
Assistance already being prepared,  
Captain.

PICARD'S VOICE  
(relieved)  
Compliments on that, Doctor! You  
take over on all medical decision  
-- I've enough to handle here.

INT. BRIDGE

Picard turning back to "Q".

PICARD  
Any questions on that? Starfleet  
people are trained to render  
immediate aid and assistance on  
all...

*PICARD  
Let's consider your  
thinking. You call us  
"SAVAGES" and yet you know  
these people down there would  
be killed. You're the one  
whose conduct IS uncivilized.*

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(interrupting)  
But not trained in clear thinking.  
(indicated Main Viewer)  
For example, why is that vessel  
puzzling you? After all the clues  
and evidence and hints...

WORF  
Sir, they're firing on the planet  
again.



## ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

Where we SEE the mystery vessel beginning to FIRE BLASTS down at the planet again.

PICARD  
Forcefields full on.  
(to Worf)  
Go to thrusters! Position us  
between that vessel and the  
planet.

WORF  
Aye, sir, thruster power to...

Worf trails his words, perplexed. His panel is fading,  
GOING DARK.

WORF  
(continuing)  
~~I've got nothing, sir!~~ *We have no ship control,  
sir. It's gone!*

## INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ZORN'S OFFICE - DAY - RIKER AND DATA

They are headed toward Zorn's office door when the BLUE BOLT HITS beside the door, flooding the scene with a FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT. The corridor rocks, and the ceiling comes down partially. Riker and Data are flung down by the explosion. A beat, and then Data stirs, sits up. Riker is slower, but is managing to haul himself upright.

DATA  
Are you undamaged?

RIKER  
Yes. You?

Data's eyes glaze slightly as he seems to go into a sort of "trance" that lasts just a few seconds. Then:

DATA  
All systems operating.

## ANGLE INCLUDING ZORN'S OFFICE DOOR

It is hanging by its hinges, and debris-dust is drifting out of it. Riker and Data move quickly to and through the open door.



INT. ZORN'S OFFICE - DAY - FULL SHOT

As Riker and Data ENTER. The office has been badly damaged, especially near the door. O.S. THE SOUND OF ANOTHER BOLT EXPLODING echoes. The room shakes under the impact. There is a MUFFLED SOB near the desk.

CLOSER ANGLE - NEAR DESK

Zorn is cowering under his elegant desk, shaking and sobbing in fear.

ZORN  
Please. You can make it stop.  
Drive ~~is~~ away.

RIKER  
Drive who away, Groppler?

Zorn reacts as if he knows he's said too much.

ZORN  
I don't know.

DATA  
Unlikely, sir. If you don't know what's happening, who does? Our records show you as the individual who supervised all Bandi contacts...

ZORN  
We haven't done anything wrong!

RIKER  
Then if we can learn nothing from you, perhaps we'll leave.

ZORN  
(frightened)  
No! No, don't leave, I'll try to explain some of...

OPTICAL ANGLE - EMPHASIZING ZORN

A kind of TRANSPORTER SOUND is heard, and then a TRANSPORTER EFFECT, somewhat different from the Starfleet variety, centers on Zorn. He begins SCREAMING as he FADES FROM VIEW.

ANGLE ON RIKER

As he keys his communicator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIKER  
First Officer to Enterprise.

PICARD'S VOICE  
Go ahead, Riker.

RIKER  
We've lost Zorn, sir. Something  
like a transporter beam, it  
snatched ~~Zorn~~ <sup>him</sup> out of here.

INT. BRIDGE

"Q" still in the captain's seat, listening to:

RIKER'S VOICE  
Question, sir, could it have been  
the "Q" character you met earlier.

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(laughs)  
None of you know who is it?  
You're running out of time,  
Captain.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD AND TROI

She's frowning, trying to 'feel' something.

TROI  
Captain... I'm sensing... I  
suppose it's satisfaction,  
enormous satisfaction.

PICARD  
From the same source as before?

TROI  
No, that was on the planet.  
(indicates)  
This seems to be from here.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER

And the image of the mystery vessel.

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(to Troi)  
Excellent, Counselor!  
(indicates Picard)  
He's such a dullard, isn't he!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCOM VOICE  
Captain from Transporter Room.  
First Officer and Mister Data now  
beaming aboard.

"Q" (JUDGE)  
Excellent also!  
(to Picard)  
Perhaps with more of these little  
minds helping, you'll...

EMPHASIZING PICARD

As he whirls suddenly on "Q".

PICARD  
(interrupting)  
That is enough, damn it!

"Q" (JUDGE)  
We have an agreement; have you  
forgotten...?

In b.g., the turbolift doors SNAP OPEN but unnoticed  
by Picard and "Q" as they continue their argument.  
Riker and Data appear, move onto bridge as:

PICARD  
We have an agreement which you  
are at this moment breaking by  
taking over our vessel,  
interfering with my decisions!  
(steps up nose-to-nose)  
You are not welcome on my bridge.  
Now, either leave or finish us.  
One of the two!

"Q" stands, during which we have the impression that  
everyone is holding <sup>his</sup> their breath. Then:

"Q" (JUDGE)  
(gently)  
Temper, temper, mon Capitan. I  
am merely trying to assist a  
pitiful species. Perhaps I'll  
leave if Mister Riker provides  
me with some amusement.

PICARD  
(to Riker)  
Do nothing that he asks!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

**"Q" (JUDGE)**

But I ask so little. And it is so necessary if you are to solve all this.

(turns; indicates vessel image in Main Viewer)

Beam over there with your... what is it called... your "away team"?

(to Picard) *Already*

You should all know what you'll find there, *already*. But perhaps it was too adult a puzzle for you.

**RIKER**

Captain, with all respect, I intended to suggest beaming over there.

OPTICAL ANGLE - EMPHASIZING "Q"

Amused at all this. He turns from Riker to look at Picard.

**"Q" (JUDGE)**

*If true, my Good Fellow, you show promise.*  
~~There is no way to avoid it, Captain. You humans are still being tested...~~

**PICARD**

~~(interrupting)~~

~~We are done with being tested,~~

~~"Q". But you don't. You should have~~

*Long ago realized that*

**"Q" (JUDGE)**

~~Are you really?~~

**PICARD**

~~Really! Humanity is NOT a criminal race!~~

*(Leaps)* →

*YOU MUST STILL* **"Q" (JUDGE)**

~~THEN PROVE THAT AND TRUST IN OUR MERCY!~~

A familiar BLINDING FLASH, and then "Q" is gone.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD AND RIKER

Realizing "Q" is gone, turning to look at each other. *Riker checks a reading on his panel.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIKER

~~Sir, did that mean you have an idea who's running that ship over there?~~

Of the 24 hours "9  
GAVE us, we have less  
than ONE LEFT, SIR.

PICARD

(nods)

But in case I'm wrong, I want you to work on your own solution independently, Number One.

I had a feeling  
you impressed him,  
Number One.  
That's  
hopeful.

RIKER

Thank you, Captain. That's the first time you've <sup>called</sup> me 'Number One'.

PICARD

(small smile)

I believe I'll enjoy getting to you know, Bill. If we live long enough.

you,

FADE OUT.

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PART TEN

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND MYSTERY VESSEL

In orbit over the planet.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Riker's Away Team moving onto the transporter platform. With him are Data, Troi, Tasha, and two SECURITY PERSONS. They carry the usual Away Team equipment which they're now checking.

RIKER  
Phasers on stun.

Everyone checks hand phasers. AD-LIB answers of "checked", "on stun," etc. *Riker turns to Transporter Chief;*

RIKER  
Energize.

INT. MYSTERY SHIP TUNNEL - WIDE ANGLE

TRANSPORTER SOUND, then the BEAMING EFFECT. Then, fully MATERIALIZED, Riker and the others look around to orient themselves.

DATA  
Most interesting, sir.

*TROI*  
TASHA *Myck*  
This looks like the same construction as under Farpoint Station, sir. *The underground tunnel we saw.*

Which describes it perfectly. The same rounded shape and GLOWING WALL of unknown composition. The "tunnel" is deserted; NO SHIP SOUNDS of any kind.

*OF power!*  
TASHA  
FIRST SECURITYMAN  
*But* No sounds; no equipment. How does this ship run?

TASHA *Riker*  
Which way, sir?

Riker looks around, nods a direction. Tasha indicates one of her security people to take the point, the other to take rearguard position.

*AS they move out.*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

*Clearly, these are*  
 We get the impression that the entire team is made up of exceptionally well trained people, well able to handle emergency situations. As they begin moving, Data is already using his tricorder to check the walls. He obviously gets nothing, shakes his head. Troi suddenly staggers, GROANS.

RIKER

Troi, what is it?!

*(waits anxiously)*

Is it the same as you felt down there?

TROI

No, that's what's so strange. *It feels much more*  
 This is... different. Even more powerful... mostly anger...  
hate... *Full of*

TASHA

Toward us?

TROI *Down*

No. *It's* Directed toward... toward the old city down there.

DATA *BAND! INTRIGUING*

Most interesting again. The place that this vessel was firing upon...

RIKER

*(indicating)*

Keep moving! There's got to be a bridge or command position somewhere...

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise and the mystery vessel still in orbit.

INT. BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING PICARD

Geordi and Worf at their positions. Picard is in the command seat, *anxiously*.

~~RIKER'S VOICE~~Enterprise, this is Riker. *Thw*

Picard has hit his panel control almost at the first sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PICARD

Come in Number One, report!

RIKER's voice

*Enterprise, Riker.*  
*This is*  
 This is turning out to be a very long tunnel or corridor, sir. Still no sign of mechanism or circuitry...

INT. NARROW MYSTERY SHIP TUNNEL - RIKER AND GROUP

Still led and followed by the Security people, they're now moving along fairly rapidly although this tunnel is narrower here. Otherwise, it's look hasn't changed.

RIKER

*OK* (continuing)  
 ... controls, read-outs, nothing at all like any vessel I've seen before.

TROI

(interrupting)  
 Groppler Zorn, sir... in great fear...  
 (motions)  
 Just ahead.

INT. TUNNEL CONNECTION

*We SEE*  
 Troi and the team arriving, standing puzzled at what seems to be only a sharp turn where the wall shows only a strange indentation. Troi is intent on the strange indentation. Troi steps closer, pushes her body against the strange indentation.

TROI

It's definitely Zorn, Commander. Here!

RIKER

(stepping in)  
 Careful...

But the tunnel wall is soft here -- it gives perceptibly, as Troi pushes harder and then PLOP... she disappears through it. (NOTE: Or the 'wall' opens to let her through and then closes behind her.)

RIKER

Troi!!!

*Then he pushes,*  
 He disappears through the same wall.



## INT. ZORN'S "CELL"

Riker sliding through the pliable opening in the tunnel wall, joining Troi who is standing there aghast at what is suspended in the center of this area.

## ANGLE AT FORCE FIELD (SPEC. FX)

Zorn is held suspended off the deck in the center of a cylindrical forcefield. The force field edges GLITTER SOFTLY to outline the shape of it.

## ANGLE ON THE AWAY TEAM

As the other team members come through the 'wall' too, stand, reacting at the sight of Zorn.

## OPTICAL ANGLE AT FORCE FIELD

The FORCEFIELD SPARKLES, CLICKS, causing Zorn to writhe and twitch. He SCREAMS.

ZORN

No! Please! No more! Please,  
no more...

## ANGLE ON AWAY TEAM

They move forward toward him, and are brought up sharply by the leading edge of the force field. Data has already started to scan with this tricorder. Riker calls to Zorn.

RIKER

(continuing)

Zorn. Can you hear me?

Zorn manages to lift his head, and WE SEE his pain-filled face, his features twisted into a grimace of intense agony.

ZORN

~~Please. I can't talk to it.~~ Make  
it stop the pain. Please..!

TROI

Has the alien communicated...?

(breaks off; then to  
Riker)

That's it, sir! <sup>IT'S</sup> There's just one  
~~alien I feel over here!~~

*that I'm sensing him.*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ZORN  
(another GROAN) *Please!*  
~~But I can't... speak to it. I~~  
don't understand what it wants,  
~~to know!~~

TROI  
(studying Zorn; then)  
Not true. ~~Zorn~~<sup>He</sup> does know.

Data interrupts by holding his tricorder so that Riker can see the readings he's gathered. Riker registers at seeing something unique as Data pulls out his phaser, Riker does the same and both of them concentrate on making some exact setting on their phasers.

OPTICAL ANGLE

As Data and Riker raise their phasers toward Zorn.

ZORN  
(in terror)  
No, no, please don't!

Data and Riker trigger their phasers and we SEE a SORT OF COLORED GLOW on the FORCEFIELD HOLDING Zorn, the GLOW SPREADING OVER THE ENTIRE FORCEFIELD. Then, suddenly the FORCEFIELD DISAPPEARS, GLOW AND ALL, and Zorn tumbles out onto the floor free of restraint.

EMPHASIZING "LIVE" PART OF CELL WALL (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

where the wall seems to be "alive", undulating. Beyond it, Tasha is assisting Zorn to his feet, supporting him. Meanwhile, Troi looks around Zorn's "cell", sensing something troubling. Riker has turned on his communicator:

RIKER  
Away team to Enterprise...

A TENDRIL OF PLASMA EMERGES FROM THIS PART OF THE WALL, swaying and moving toward Troi.

DATA  
(interrupting; warning)  
Troi...!

But the TENDRIL is already wrapping around her. Data tries to pull the TENDRIL from Troi, succeeds only in getting a NEW TENDRIL wrapped around himself.

## ANOTHER SPECIAL EFFECTS ANGLE

The floor of the area suddenly going soft, away team members sinking into it while still ANOTHER SECTION OF WALL FOLDS ITSELF OVER TASHA. (What we're seeing is this part of the mystery "vessel" becoming a living thing.)

RIKER

Enterprise, come in. Beam us...

Interrupted as his feet are YANKED OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

DATA

Enterprise, we need help...

Interrupted by the NEW TENDRIL WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND HIS HEAD.

INT. BRIDGE

Picard speaking anxiously toward his command panel *AS 7*

PICARD

Riker, Data, come in!

*WE HEAR RIKER'S*  
He gets only MUFFLED SOUNDS OF DISTRESS, in return.

PICARD

(continuing)

Transporter chief, yank them back! *New!*  
~~Do you have coordinates on them?~~

WORF

Captain...!

## ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

toward which Lieutenant Worf is pointing. On it the IMAGE of the mystery vessel is BEGINNING TO CHANGE IN SHAPE. The firm, hard edges of the spaceship are giving way to something softer, very mysterious in nature.

## OPTICAL ANGLE

in which we SEE a familiar BLINDING FLASH and "Q" appears, now wearing the uniform of a STARFLEET CAPTAIN.

"Q" (STARFLEET)

Really, I believe you've been  
given enough time, Captain.

*Your TIME IS UP!*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD  
You! Get off my bridge!  
 (into command panel)  
 Transporter Chief, do you have  
their coordinates?

SPECIAL EFFECTS ANGLE

"Q" stepping to the command position.

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
 He can't hear you, Captain.  
 "Q" gestures upward, at which Picard is suddenly lifted  
 into the air and then to the side of "Q"'s hand motion  
 in that direction.

PICARD  
 "Q", I've people in trouble over  
 there...!  
 As Picard hovers above, "Q" steps up and sits in  
 Picard's command position. Bridge personnel are coming  
 to their feet angrily, then hesitate as:

PICARD  
 (continuing)  
 Everyone, at ease! That's an  
 order!  
 (to "Q") *Help them, I will do.*  
 My people, "Q". *Whatever you say...*  
 if you'll just...

As "Q" gives another hand signal downward, the Captain  
 is gently deposited onto the deck.

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
 Other life forms are not as  
 heartless as your own, Captain.  
 (indicating)  
 Behold! ~~What type of beings are they?~~

OPTICAL ANGLE - WIDE PORTION OF BRIDGE

as the same strange transporter SOUND that accompanied  
 Zorn's "kidnapping" is heard and the same STRANGE  
 TRANSPORTER EFFECT APPEARS, this time MATERIALIZING *FIVE*  
~~SEVEN~~ IMAGES -- Riker, Data, Troi, Tasha, *V*Groppler  
 Zorn, and the two security people. *AND*



ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD

Very surprised, looking from his away team to "Q".

PICARD  
Thank you. *(hesitates; nods)*

*IT seems I did make that bargain.* TROI

But it wasn't "Q" that saved us, sir. It was...

*The Agreement isn't valid, sir. IT*

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
*(interrupting; quickly; indicating viewer)*

Careful. It may attack you now, Captain.

*Save yourselves!*

ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

On which the changed IMAGE of the mystery "vessel" seems to be floating in closer to the Enterprise.

PICARD  
*(to Troi)* *PIKER*

What did you sense? It was that which sent you back? *CAPTAIN.*

TROI  
Yes sir. It's not a vessel, *SIR.* it's alive somehow... *IN*

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
She lies! Destroy it while you have a chance.

*(to Tasha)*  
Make phasers and photon torpedoes ready...!

PICARD  
No! *(indicates "Q")*  
Do nothing he suggests!

ZORN  
But that thing was killing my people, Captain...

PICARD  
True, but why? Was there a reason?

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
It is an unknown, Captain! Isn't that enough?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PICARD  
 Enough for what?  
 (indicates)  
 If you had earned that uniform  
 you're wearing, you'd know that  
 the unknown is what brings us out  
 here!

"Q" (STARFLEET) *considering the human intelligence*  
 Wasted effort! You have no idea  
 what has been happening.

*Let's test that*  
 PICARD  
 (to Zorn)  
 Interesting tunnels you have under  
 Farpoint, Groppler.

*...STARTING WITH TM*  
 RIKER *Identical to the*  
 Exactly like the ones we beamed  
 into over there. And why was it  
 something over there punishing  
 you, Groppler?

PICARD  
 Was it in return for the pain you  
 caused to some other creature?

ZORN  
 We did nothing wrong! It was  
 injured, we helped it...

*(Intermittent; to Zorn)*  
 PICARD *deliver an*  
 Tasha, rig phasers to beam energy beam,  
 down on my order.

*Thank you, that was the missing part. (turns)*  
 TASHA  
 Aye, sir.

Tasha steps to her panel, makes settings on controls there.

*Yes, Captain, I understand now.*  
 RIKER  
 Yes, it has to be conceivable that  
 somewhere in the galaxy there  
 could exist creatures able to  
 convert energy into matter...

PICARD  
 (nodding)  
*And* Into specific patterns of matter. *Much as*  
 our transporters do, much the same  
 thing after we're beamed  
 somewhere.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TASHA  
(indicating)  
On the viewer, Captain!

ANGLE EMPHASIZING MAIN VIEWER

where the vessel/creature IMAGE is SOFTENING FURTHER INTO AN AMORPHOUS, COLORFUL AND LOVELY SHAPE. Picard turns to the Groppler, demanding:

PICARD  
Zorn, did you capture something  
like that? *didn't you?*

On main viewer, the IMAGE NOW SHOWS LOVELY FEATHERY TENDRILS, and it is BEGINNING TO MOVE DOWN TOWARD THE PLANET. Zorn reacts to this, shows panic.

ZORN  
Warn my people, please! Leave  
Farpoint Station immediately!

*He's* "Q" (STARFLEET)  
They lied to you, Captain.  
Shouldn't you let *them* die?

*TRANSMIT* PICARD *his people*  
(nods to Ops)  
Send the message. "Leave Farpoint  
immediately".

TROI *One down there IN GRIEF*  
Then it was a pair of creatures  
I was sensing. First, one in  
grief and pain; then the second  
one up here *angry... killed with anger...*

*The other* DATA  
(nodding)  
And firing on the old Bandi city...  
*not the new space station, BUT*

PICARD  
(to "Q")  
And for good reason, is that *ATTACKING those who*  
correct? *CAPTURED IT...*

"Q" (STARFLEET) *(to Tash)*  
A truly intelligent life form *...IT'S MATE?*  
would have understood all this  
long ago.

TASHA  
Energy beam ready, sir (CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PICARD  
 IT (to Tanya) → Tasha  
 Lock in on Farpoint Station.

"Q stands in an annoyed manner, indicates the captain's position to Picard.

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
 Take your seat, I grow tired of  
 this charade. ~~YIP APPARENTLY TO FAULT~~

As "Q" moves aside, Picard takes his position, turning to Tasha.

PICARD  
 Let it have whatever it will <sup>SAN</sup>  
 absorb. Energize!

EXT SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - ~~D~~ OPTICAL ANGLE

in orbit, as a <sup>H</sup>TICK, PALE BLUE ENERGY BEAM AIMS  
 DOWNWARD.

EXT. FARPOINT STATION - OPTICAL ANGLE

HIGH DOWNWARD SHOT SHOWING THE ENERGY BEAM terminating  
 and being absorbed into Farpoint Station.

INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

Picard and others watching the energy beam terminating  
 at Farpoint Station.

<sup>Now</sup>TASHA  
 We're getting feedback on the  
 beam, sir.

PICARD  
 Discontinue it.  
 (to Zorn)  
 Groppler Zorn, there'll soon be  
 no Farpoint Station if I'm right  
 about this.

"Q" (STARFLEET)  
 (cuttingly)  
 "If I'm right." Oh spare us the  
 modesty, Captain. A Lucky Guess!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZORN

I know we deserve this loss, but please believe me, we meant not to harm the creature, but to use it.

TROI

Sir, a feeling of great joy. And gratitude.

EXT. FARPOINT STATION - OPTICAL ANGLE

The city/station miniature -- the Farpoint Station part of it GROWING SOFT, SHIMMERING, SLOWLY BECOMES A CREATURE OF GOSSAMER, FEATHERY LIGHTNESS -- now gracefully rising up from its captivity.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ANGLE

Where what was once the "mystery vessel" but now an increasingly beautiful COLORFUL, FEATHERY TENDRIL SHAPE is descending closer and closer to what was once the Farpoint Station part of city/station (miniature).

THE TWO CREATURES

The smaller one rising up toward its mate. They touch -- delicate matter/energy tendrils twining -- and then together they move upwards out of sight.

EXT SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

as the two creatures rise up past it.

INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER

on which the two creatures are rising upward OUT OF IMAGE FRAME.

TROI

Great joy and gratitude... *From both of them.*

OPTICAL ANGLE EMPHASIZING "Q"

*As Picard turns on him.*  
as "Q" yawns mightily.

"Q" (STARFLEET)

You bore me, Captain.

*We may meet in time, another place,*

(CONTINUED)

*PICARD  
GET OFF my ship, you  
SMUG Hypocrite.*



CONTINUED:

~~"Q raises a hand, becoming the BLINDING FLASH. On FADING it becomes "Q" (ELIZABETHAN), in the captain's costume of the Seventeenth Century.~~

~~"Q" (ELIZABETHAN)~~

~~I prefer your simpler times.~~

PICARD

~~Does this mean we'll no longer have the pleasure of your company?~~

~~Wait, you smug, sanctimonious <sup>to</sup>ut. It was always within your power to save the creature and the Bandi from unnecessary pain and suffering. And yet~~  
~~+WIDER ANGLE~~  
~~You chose to play this dangerous and insidious game, <sup>Grievous</sup> Savagery <sup>you say</sup> ... Mister <sup>twenty-four</sup> ~~as members of the bridge crew wait for "Q"'s answer. you're a~~ ~~Center of attention, "Q" pauses, then actually smiles.~~ ~~Century expert on that,~~ ~~Now, BE GONE!~~~~

~~"Q" (ELIZABETHAN)~~

~~I promise nothing!~~

~~ANOTHER BLINDING FLASH AND "Q" IS GONE. It takes a moment to realize that he is gone. Then:~~

RIKER

~~I trust this isn't the usual way our missions will go, sir.~~

~~Picard screws up his face in mock consideration of this, then nods.~~

~~PICARD~~

~~On no, Number One, they're usually much more interesting.~~

FADE OUT.

THE END

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